Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

April 19, 1924

That There May Be One Fold

O GOD, who hast made of one blood all the nations of mankind, so that all are children and members one of another, how is it that we are so slow to trace the family likeness, so reluctant to claim our common kinship? We pray Thee, O our God, to make the peoples one.

We pray for the Church of Christ, so broken, so scattered and dismembered that none would think we followed all one Lord and held a common faith. Purge away the vanity, intolerance, and unforgiving spirit which keep us far apart. May the seamless robe not be utterly rent, nor the body any longer broken.

We pray that, since man's need is one, we all may find the one way to Thee, the one God. Forbid that in our highest things we should find fellowship impossible. May the spirit of Christ break down all barriers and answer the desire of all nations.

We pray for a union so deep and universal that it shall gather all within one fold: those who pray and those who can not; those whose faith is firm, and those whose doubt is slow to clear. May we never be content with aught that excludes another from the fullness of Thy grace, a single soul from the welcome of Thy heart. Amen.

From "The Temple, a Book of Prayer," by W. E. Orchard.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

Editor

John van Schaick, Jr.

Office Staff

J. I. Adams.

D. Hall.

A. W. MacDonald.

THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 3, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada. Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given, and such notice sent to 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for the paper should be addressed to the Editor, 176 Newbury St., Boston. If sent voluntarily, it is understood that no payment therefor is expected; payment is made only in case of previous and special contract.

ADVERTISING—*The Leader* will always be glad to receive advertising that will inform its readers where they can obtain reliable goods from reputable houses. It will invite advertising from those who may be able to supply real needs of its readers, but from no others. We feel sure our constituents will support this policy, which is adopted in their interest, even though it may conflict with our own.

—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

ADVERTISING RATES: Twenty cents per agate line; $2.40 per inch for a single insertion. Contract rates on application.

ENDOWED SUBSCRIPTIONS

Fifty dollars will endow a subscription to the *Universalist Leader*. It will carry the paper to any address designated during the life of the giver and thereafter as may be requested in will or otherwise. If undesignated, it will be given to some college, public library or person anxious to have the *Leader* and unable to afford it. Many people are endowing missionary numbers of the *Leader* to propagate our faith.

DISTRIBUTION OF LITERATURE

Universalists are urged to take advantage of the new Universalist literature now appearing.

Printers' types were Luther's missionaries. We can secure scholars and writers. We can finance the production through contributions which never fail us when we make an appeal, but the one thing we need continually is volunteers to enlist for the distribution. Pastors, laymen, young people who want to work for the Universalist Church, can read the pamphlets and get them read by others.

Universalist Publishing House

HAROLD MARSHALL, MANAGER

176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON

DORCHESTER AVE. AND 60th ST., CHICAGO

The House was organized in 1862 and incorporated in 1872, and holds all its property for the benefit of the Universalist Church. It is managed by a Board of thirty Trustees, who are elected for three year terms. Vacancies may be filled by the State Convention which the Trustees represented; such State Convention failing to fill said vacancies within one year, the Trustees shall do so at their next annual meeting thereafter.

Under a plan of reorganization which went into effect in May, 1922, there is a Board of Trustees consisting of thirty members, as follows: Massachusetts, twelve; Maine and Rhode Island, three each; New Hampshire, New York, Vermont, Connecticut, Illinois and Ohio, one each; elected by the Board of Trustees of the General Convention, six.

Directors: President, Prof. Arthur W. Peirce, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.; Treasurer, Mr. Arthur E. Mason, 77 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.; A. Ingham Bicknell, Esq., 6 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.; Mr. Charles F. Coolidge, Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D., 132 Pleasant St., Arlington, Mass.; Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.; Mr. Joseph L. Sweet, Attleboro, Mass.; Cornelius A. Parker, Esq., 1026 Tremont Bldg., Boston, Mass.; Mr. R. L. Richmond, 26 1-2 Merchants Row, Rutland, Vermont.

Trustees: Mr. Ralph W. E. Hunt, 21 and 23 Forest Ave., Portland, Me.; Rev. W. E. Kelley, 123 Pine St., Lewiston, Me.; Rev. Clarence L. Eaton, Yarmouth, Me.; Rev. Asa M. Bradley, Kingston, N. H.; Mr. R. L. Richmond, Rutland, Vt.; Rev. George F. Fortier, Morrisville, Vt.; A. Ingham Bicknell, Esq., Boston, Mass.; Mr. Charles F. Coolidge, Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D., Arlington, Mass.; Mr. Carl A. Hempel, 211 Security Bldg., Lynn, Mass.; Rev. George E. Leighton, D. D., 55 Curtis St., West Somerville, Mass.; Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., Boston, Mass.; Mr. Arthur E. Mason, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Charles C. Nichols, 43 Corey St., Everett, Mass.; Cornelius A. Parker, Esq., Boston, Mass.; Prof. Arthur W. Peirce, Franklin, Mass.; Mr. Victor A. Friend, 32 E. Wyoming Ave., Melrose, Mass.; Rev. Stanley G. Spear, 5 Stanmore Place, Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. Joseph L. Sweet, Attleboro, Mass.; Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson, S. T. D., 38 Sever St., Worcester, Mass.; Mr. James D. Carpenter, 35 Union St., Woonsocket, R. I.; Mr. Leslie F. Mowry, 126 Mitchell St., Providence, R. I.; Rev. Julian S. Cutler, 6 Brook St., Pawtucket, R. I.; Mr. Frank S. Cary, 660 Prospect Ave., Hartford, Conn.; Rev. F. W. Betts, D. D., 125 Midland Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. Arthur Nash, The A. Nash Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; Dr. Joseph L. Tilden, Galesburg, Ill.; Rev. James W. Vallentyne, 124 Kenilworth Ave., Oak Park, Ill.; Hon. Roger S. Galer, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Elected by the Trustees of the General Convention: Hon. Roger S. Galer, Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D., Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., Dr. Joseph L. Tilden, Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson, S. T. D.

Clerk of the Corporation: Mr. Charles F. Coolidge, Cambridge, Mass.

The net assets of the House are about $300,000, consisting of periodicals, books, plates, etc. It publishes and owns the titles and copyrights of one hundred and fifty volumes and five periodicals, viz.: *The Universalist Leader, The Sunday School Helper, The Myrtle, Onward* and *The Ambassador*. It is located at 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass., with a Western office at 6010 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

BOOK ROOM

Alvar W. Polk, Manager

The Universalist Publishing House will furnish promptly any book published anywhere. Give our own Book Room the benefit of your patronage All profits go to denominational purposes.

DENOMINATIONAL DIRECTORY

The General Convention

President—Rev. J. M. Atwood, D. D., Canton, N. Y.

Chairman of Executive Committee—Rev. J. M. Atwood.

Secretary—Rev. Roger F. Etz, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Treasurer—Ingham Bicknell, 6 Beacon St., Boston.

Chairman of Murray Lectureship and of Denominational Literature—Rev. Frank O. Hall, D. D. 132 Pleasant St., Arlington, Mass.

Women's National Missionary Association

President—Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, O.

Board of Foreign Missions

Chairman—Rev. Fred C. Leining, 38 Adelaide Ave., Providence, R. I.

Secretary—Rev. Roger F. Etz., 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Universalist Comrades

President—Victor A. Friend, 32 E. Wyoming Ave., Melrose, Mass.

Secretary—Alvar W. Polk, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

General Sunday School Association

President—Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D., 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Japan Mission Council

Chairman—Rev. Samuel Gilbert Ayres, D. D., 1752 E. Higashinakano, Tokyo-Fu, Tokyo, Japan.

Young People's Christian Union

President—Ellsworth C. Reamon, Minneapolis, Minn.

Director of Young People's Work—Rev. Stanley Manning, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Superintendents of Churches

General Superintendent—Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Western Superintendent—Rev. L. R. Robinson, 6010 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Southern Superintendent—Rev. Francis Britton Bishop, 1118 S. Court St., Montgomery, Ala.

Southwest Superintendent—Rev. James Houghton, Junction City, Kan.

California—Rev. C. E. Nash, D. D., 1363 S. Alvarado St., Los Angeles.

Connecticut—Rev. Theodore A. Fischer, 409 Edgewood Ave., New Haven.

Georgia—Rev. A. G. Strain, 362 Simpson St., Atlanta.

Iowa—Rev. O. G. Colegrove, Mitchellville.

Kentucky—

Maine—Rev. Stanley Manning, 16 Heselton Street, Gardiner, Maine.

Massachusetts—Rev. Leroy W. Coons, D. D., 176 Newbury St., Boston.

New Hampshire—Rev. George F. Fortier, Morrisville, Vt. (Acting.)

New Jersey—Rev. H. R. Rose, D. D., 815 S. Eleventh St., Newark.

New York—Rev. G. D. Walker, D. D., Carthage.

Ohio—Rev. I. V. Lobdell, 256 Orchard Lane, Columbus.

Pennsylvania—Miss Jennie Lois Ellis, 1517 North 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rhode Island—Rev. R. R. Hadley, 145 Chester Ave., Providence.

Texas—Rev. R. L. Brooks, Elgin.

Vermont and Quebec—Rev. George F. Fortier, Morrisville, Vt.

Maritime Provinces—Rev. Olaf Tandberg, Halifax, N. S.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

Is a missionary agency of the Universalist Church.

All its resources are at the service of our Church and its faith.

Its opportunities for service are far greater than its resources.

It needs additional funds for missionary publications.

It needs endowed subscriptions for college and public libraries.

It will receive annuity funds paying interest to the donor for life

THE Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 106th Year | New Series | Vol. XXVII | No. 16

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

OUR GRATITUDE FOR SPRING

THE buds are bursting on the trees, the little wild flowers are blooming among the dead leaves of the year that has gone, and the birds have come again with unerring flight from the far South.

All who have eyes to see and ears to hear are reveling in the new springtime. One watches more the birds and another the flowers, and still another the drying land, or the stage of water in the streams. Some go forth with bird glasses, others with trout rods, and still others to break the clods and sow the grain.

City parks and country lanes alike are adorned with beauty. Little back yards and city dumps even put forth a few pink and white blossoms.

Few there be among us who in one way or another do not sense the mystery and beauty of the spring.

Shall we be found among those who take all good gifts offered and render nothing in return?

Shall we leave it all to the Good God to reclothe the earth in beauty, or is there something we can do to help?

We can refrain from breaking down the branches and tearing up the flowers which only die in our cars before we get home.

We can stop littering up little bowers of natural beauty with papers, orange peeling and lunch boxes.

We can teach our boys and girls to welcome back the birds, and learn to know them and protect them instead of stoning and driving them away.

We can find out what varieties of flowers and animals are on the way to extermination and do all we can to keep them alive.

We can help plan our cities and villages to conserve and increase natural beauty.

It is good to be alive. It is good to share the new abounding life around us. It is good to feel the sacredness of life.

The Great Power in and above nature is Infinite and we are finite, but we can help.

We can't set the scarlet tanager in the snowy blossoms of the plum tree, but we can keep from staining the blossoms with his blood.

We can't place the budding maple against a deep blue sky, but we can learn to look upon the scene with reverence and awe.

We can't give grass for cattle and herb for the service of man, but we can learn that their matchless beauty renders the highest service of all.

We can't tell exactly what a single flower in the crannied wall is, but we can trust the ancient scripture:

"The winter is over and gone. The flowers appear upon the earth. The time of the singing of birds is come and the voices of spring are heard in the land.

"Fear not, oh land! Be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things."

* *

PITCH THIS LIFE HIGH

THROUGHOUT Christian history, many a despairing soul has cried, "Lord, I believe. Help thou my unbelief."

There are many doubting Thomases to-day. Some are in theological schools, some in the pulpit, some in pews, but the great majority are outside the Church. They are not the least lovely of our friends. The fearless honesty of many of them, their passion for accuracy, their devotion to truth, endear them to all discriminating minds.

When Easter comes, they just can't enthuse over it. When friends die, they just can't picture another life.

Is not the old adage "one step at a time" of service here?

Is not the step we can be sure of that which tells us to "pitch life just as high as we can?"

If we succeed in pitching it high, illumination is apt to break in upon us.

Is not another helpful counsel, "Look out, not in?"

If we do not care what becomes of ourselves, do we not care about others?

If we are doubtful of the value of preserving our own lives for all eternity, does no lasting value attach itself to those whom we honor or love the most?

Have we taken time to think about him whose victory over death the Church celebrates to-day? Could he have come into life just by accident? Is not this at least as hard to believe as that a Great God sent him? And if a Supreme Power sent him and took him at last is not anything possible?

The thing we can be sure of is that this universe

has produced high thought, true feeling, great and noble courage, for we have seen it and known it.

That which called these things into existence and gave us our Lord and our Master is a universe we ought to trust. It is but a little step from that to the deep assurance that back of it is a God and that He "created man to be immortal and made him to be an image of His own eternity."

But the first step for Thomas is to pitch this life high.

* *

JUST WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

JUST what really happened in Washington between March 4, 1921, when Mr. Harding became President, and the time when the Senate began investigating the Teapot Dome leases and the Attorney General's office? We don't know, but some things begin to clear up.

With some appointments so good that they silenced a majority of the independents, Mr. Harding appointed two men to his Cabinet so unfitted for their duties that they at once caused grave concern to thoughtful members of the President's own party—Mr. Fall and Mr. Daugherty. The easy good nature of the American people responded, however, to the statement that a President ought to have one or two close personal friends in his Cabinet, that Mr. Fall was an old Senatorial crony and Mr. Daugherty his political manager and benefactor.

The glaring element of unfitness for the Cabinet in the case of Fall was that he was an open and avowed enemy of the policy of conservation of our natural resources, in favor of public grants and the development of land, forests, oil and water power by private capital as fast as capital was willing to take up the task. This is an understandable position, held by others than Mr. Fall, and Mr. Fall was open about it. He was unfit for Secretary of the Interior, however, if we were to follow the Roosevelt policies of conserving what is left of our own national domain for the good of all.

Mr. Daugherty's unfitness lay primarily in the kind of close associates he had back in Ohio, and secondarily in his not being a lawyer of eminence in the meaning of the statute. Nobody need await the results of the pending investigations to be sure of these two propositions.

Mr. Fall in the performance of his duties gave grants and leases right and left, all quite legal, and among those receiving them were Sinclair and his partners. One does not have to assume that Mr. Fall was bribed in order to explain his acts.

Later, when Mr. Fall was in need of considerable sums of money to get hold of a ranch he had long coveted, he borrowed money of these same people who had done business with him as Secretary of the Interior, and who had received what are asserted to be enormously valuable concessions (although reputable people deny their value) from the Government.

The undisputed facts, however, end Mr. Fall as a possible public servant, for he has done what were improper acts in a public official and he has not avoided the appearance of evil. If he is not brought to trial as a criminal and sent to prison it will not be because somebody protected him or covered things up. It will be because he didn't do any criminal act. We are rather definitely past the period of bribery in our public servants. We are not past the stage of public acts done for friendship or favor.

Mr. Daugherty in the performance of his duty has done a number of admirable things. His appointment of Mrs. Willebrandt, for example, brought into the Department of Justice one of the ablest and purest as she is one of the most charming of American women. We doubt if investigators find much actually wrong in the Department of Justice itself. But Mr. Daugherty ought never to have been appointed.

Much may have happened in Washington between March 4, 1921, and to-day which has not been brought out. Mr. Daugherty asserts that he has much yet to say.

But all through these years other great government officials of the ability and uprightness of Hughes and Hoover have been carrying on the government. Since Mr. Harding died Mr. Coolidge has borne staggering burdens calmly and well. He has a chance to be elected in spite of his fearful handicap. The Democrats with the right kind of man and platform have a good chance to get back into power.

We take no sides and shall not unless unfit men are put up. We shall point out facts and promote policies we favor whoever they hurt or help. Christ must reign, war must go, there must be judicial settlement of international disputes, there must be brotherhood among nations and in industries, and there must be honesty and intelligence in public office. Christian America is aroused and determined and, what the politicians must note, is more independent than ever.

* *

GILBERT REID ON CHINA

IT is not a bright picture painted by Gilbert Reid in his article "The Political Situation in China," which appears in this issue of the *Leader*, but he knows how to draw clearly and accurately, and that enables him to paint things as they are.

All who want to be well informed on world matters, and especially all who will begin soon to study China in connection with the new mission study courses, will want to read carefully Dr. Reid's interesting articles based on forty years in China.

And the student of history will remember always that nations do not reach free independent self-governing status at one bound.

* *

KEEP YOUR HEAD

THE *New Republic* thinks that the most dangerous thing about the investigations of the Walsh and Wheeler committees is the attitude of the public—"a large minority are hostile . . . and would like to see the activities of the committees brought to a close. . . Heretofore those fighting the battle for decency have been able to count upon the support of the people. Have we come to a condition of cynical complaisance where the captured crook is scorned only because of his clumsiness? Papers like the *New York Times*, in whose editorial columns hardly a trace of moral indignation over the facts revealed by the

committees but any quantity of indignation over the frailties of the investigators . . . they prefer that there should be no investigations"—and much more to the same effect.

No, the discouraging thing to lovers of their country is not the indifference of the people. The people are not indifferent, but are absolutely certain to rebuke wrong. The discouraging thing is the loose talk of fearless, independent journals like the *New Republic*, which are free from group domination and unfed by propaganda bureaus and therefore sought for guidance by an increasing number of independent people. If one says, "Give every man his day in court," must it be construed to mean, Let us have no courts? If one says "Be fair and hear all sides," must it be understood that he wants to suppress the truth?

There unquestionably are powerful forces working to discredit the investigations and cover things up. There are other forces working to make things as black as they can be made. The middle of the roader who says "I seek truth and truth alone," now as ever gets the rocks and rotten cabbages of both sides, but he is the hope of the country and the hope of civilization.

Seldom has the literature of political campaigns even descended to the depths of cheapness reached by recent outgivings of both Republican and Democratic National Committees. And judged by the present standards of the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, the third party when it comes will not be much better.

What the Christian man can do is to keep his head, read as widely as he can, develop second sight and look between the lines, resolve that he will stand no betrayal of official trust no matter who it hurts, that he will not permit party affiliation (Oh, hardest test of all) to determine the conclusion at which he shall arrive, give every man a square deal and keep his faith in the fundamental rightness of most men and in a God of Perfect Righteousness and Truth.

* *

THE WASHINGTON CHURCH

SOME interesting figures are on the way from Washington about the "Every Member Canvass," just finished, for financial support of the parish for the year beginning May 1. Dr. Rice has done an effective job in Washington. The attendance at the Christ Crusade meetings indicated spiritual vitality; the subscriptions for support of the parish indicate financial vitality, ability and loyalty.

Dr. Rice has written an account of the Christ Crusade meetings which we are publishing this week. Mr. Briggs, Moderator, is preparing some statistics. Both will stand careful scrutiny. Both demonstrate the strong foundation we have there for a National Universalist Memorial Church.

* *

BRAVE OLD METHODISTS

WHAT the Methodists did at Lynn in getting squarely on to the platform of passive resistance is "illogical," "impossible," "unreasonable," "unthinkable," and all the rest of it, but nevertheless highly significant and important.

We know that if war comes nobody can keep out of it without getting off the earth. The man who raises wheat does war work as much as the man who makes high explosives.

We know that the logical thing to do is to decide a course of conduct on the basis of facts existing at the time a decision is to be made.

We know that if an invading army swept down on us it would be our duty to hurl them back.

All this is evident. But we know that if the Christian people of the world deliberately do the unreasonable and illogical and decide in advance that they will have no more war, a few new methods will be put into operation in the chancellories of nations. Some different advisers will be taken on some subjects. The chances are that some other way out will be found.

What the Methodists did at Lynn was to send the following memorial to their General Conference:

> "The Methodist Church hereby records itself as utterly condemning war as a means of settling disputes, and as a Church will not bless or sanction war at the command of the State; and pledges itself to a program of evangelical, educational and legislative measures leading to a warless world."

* *

DR. SWEETSER'S BOOK

OF "The Image of God," Dr. Edwin C. Sweetser's new book, the *Congregationalist* last week said this: "A volume of sermons by the pastor *emeritus* of the Church of the Messiah, Universalist, Philadelphia. The themes are important, the treatment scholarly and thoughtful, the thinking logical, and the content spiritual. He believes in the New Testament miracles, treats the book of Jonah as an allegory, and in general belongs to the conservative wing of the Universalists."

* *

DUE PROCESS OF LAW

ATTORNEY GENERAL STONE has been confirmed by the Senate, sworn and begun his work. Through a remarkable change of public sentiment a letter which he wrote protesting against the deportation of aliens by former Attorney General Palmer without due process of law helped his confirmation by the Senate, whereas only two years or even one year ago it would have blocked it. Dean Roscoe Pound and Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School, it will be remembered, led a vigorous fight against the contention of Attorney General Palmer that aliens could be arrested without warrants and deported without trial. Mr. Stone asserted vigorously that when the immigration authorities had once passed these aliens they were "persons within the United States" and entitled to the "due proces of law guaranteed by the Constitution."

It would seem obvious that such a letter as Mr. Stone wrote ought to have redounded to his credit with Americans in war time or any other time. But with the rabid feeling at the time he wrote it he barely escaped being classified with "reds," "undesirables," "pro-Germans," "Bolsheviks," and other choice epithets which were so vigorously and so constantly hurled around.

As it is all fair minded people without respect to party are happy to get such a man for Attorney General of the United States.

An Easter Message*

Grace I. Cleveland

ON that first Easter morning, the three women in the gray dawn walked toward the tomb where the body of their Master had been laid, in order that they might perform the last offices of love for him. As their thoughts went forward in advance of their steps, they all saw in imagination the heavy stone that had been rolled before the door of the tomb. It seemed to them that a great and impassable barrier lay between them and their Master, and the stone was to them a symbol of their great loss. They felt that he had gone far away from them, into some mysterious region where they could not penetrate.

But when they drew near to the tomb, they found that a wonderful thing had happened. The stone which they had seen in thought as still closing the door of the sepulcher was no longer there. The thought of it had lain like a weight upon their hearts. But lo! the barrier was gone, and in its place there was an angel of God, who brought to them a message from their beloved Lord. Their grief was lightened, their hearts were comforted, and they hastened away to tell the joyful news to others.

A little later in the day, two of the disciples who had known and loved Jesus had a wonderful experience. As they had traveled along the roadside, a stranger had come and talked with them in such a friendly manner that they felt themselves irresistibly drawn to him. So they had invited him in to share their evening meal. They sat down to the table; and as the one who had seemed to them a stranger broke the bread and blessed it in the old, familiar way, and as he looked at them with eyes full of an undying love, they suddenly knew who it was. They realized that their Master had not gone away from them into some far-off world, but that he was near them, living and loving, not changed into some strange being, but the same dear Master and friend that he had always been.

Several days passed by. Some of the disciples had been out all night in their fishing-boats on the Sea of Galilee. It was a very familiar place to them, and now it was thronged with sacred memories. Every inch of it was hallowed to them, for it was here that they and their Master had spent so many happy hours together.

Suddenly, while they were all thinking of him, he stood before them on the shore and spoke to them. At first they did not recognize him; but as soon as they knew him, they hastened to the land; and there once more they broke bread with him, as they had done so many, many times on the shore of the lake. It came to them vividly that death had not taken him away, but only brought him back to them in a closer and more intimate relation.

To many of us the thought of death, when it takes from us those who are dearest to us, is like the thought of the women with regard to the stone which was before the door of the sepulcher. We feel that death has placed an impassable barrier between us and our dear ones. But if we will only hear the message of the risen Christ, we shall know that this is not so, and we shall feel that, as some one has said,

> "To die is not even the lifting of a latch,
> Only a step through the open door."

It seems strange, doesn't it, that in spite of all we say we believe about the life immortal, we grieve so bitterly when death comes into our life. But I think it is largely due to the old ideas about the life beyond. We used to think, and many people still do, that the one who dies is suddenly transformed by that act of dying into an utterly different being from the one whom we have known and loved, and that he or she is removed to some far-off heaven, into a state of perfect bliss, where they can hardly be expected to think much about those whom they have left behind. But we are coming to feel more and more that when we die we simply step into another room in our Father's house; that we begin the next life with just the same personality and individuality which we had here; and that instead of caring less than before for those who have been nearest and dearest to us, we love them infinitely more and understand them infinitely better.

I like what Mrs. Whitney has written about it. She says:

"I believe that there is no *away;* that no love, no life, ever goes from us. It goes as Christ went, that it may come again deeper and closer and surer, and be with us always, even unto the end of the world."

And in one of Lucy Larcom's poems, she says:

> "Hand in hand with angels,
> Through the world we go;
> Brighter eyes are on us
> Than we blind ones know;
> Tenderer voices cheer us
> Than we deaf will own.
> Never, walking heavenward,
> Can we walk alone.
>
> "Hand in hand with angels;
> Some are out of sight,
> Leading us, unknowing,
> Into paths of light.
> Some dear hands are loosened
> From our earthly clasp,
> Soul in soul to hold us,
> With a firmer grasp."

I can not feel, as some people do, that there should be no grief whatever when death seems to remove from us those who have made life rich for us. No matter how firmly and vividly we may believe in the life beyond, and in the nearness to us in spirit of the one who has gone, yet there is the apparent separation. We are very human. We can't help missing the visible presence and the tokens of affection that we have had. We must have a little time to adjust ourselves to the change. But I do believe that

*An address given at the Universalist Church in Roxbury at the Sunrise Prayer Meeting Easter morning, 1921.

it is utterly wrong for us to keep on grieving, to wrap ourselves in gloom and refuse to be comforted. It not only shows a lack of real, living, vital faith, it is not only bad for us and very uncomfortable for those about us, but it must also very seriously mar the happiness of the one who has passed on into the larger life.

Suppose we try in imagination to put ourselves in their place. Let us think of ourselves as having passed into the life immortal. After perhaps days or weeks or months of weakness and weariness and pain, we find ourselves once more strong and well, and thrilling with a sense of life such as we have never had before. We have already had a glimpse and a foretaste of the wonderful experiences that await us, and we are looking forward with joyful eagerness to days that are to be filled with fuller knowledge, with work and love and service. Those who were dear to us on earth are now dearer to us than ever before. Our hearts go out to them in tenderness, and we go back again and again to see them. We stand beside them as an unseen presence. But every time we draw near to them, we find them in tears. We come away saddened. We can not enter fully into the happiness that is meant for us, and we say, "Oh, if I could only tell them how much alive I am, how filled with life and strength. If I could only make them understand!" And so our happiness is marred because of the grief of those who are still in the earth life.

Now, coming back to the reality of things, and finding ourselves still here on earth, won't we resolve, for the sake of the happiness of those of our dear ones who are in that other room of the Father's house, that we will try to be happy about it?

Sometimes, in fact quite often, the question is asked, "Shall we know each other there? Shall we see and recognize and greet those who have been dearest to us in the earthly life, and who have passed over before us?"

I can't imagine how any one who believes in the love of God can doubt that for an instant. Can we think it possible that God, who is Eternal Love, and who has put into our human hearts this wonderful capacity for love, can plan for us a life beyond where all the dearest ties of earth are to be severed? And besides, if we know anything about the human heart at its best, we know that it would not be possible for us to fail to recognize those who belong to us.

Suppose we think of a mother here on earth, whose boy, either when he was a child or when he was a young man, has gone away from her into the life immortal. By and by the time comes when she too passes over. Can we believe it possible that that mother would not know her boy when she met him? No matter how different he might look or how changed he might be, there would be something in her heart that would tell her it was her boy who stood before her. The loving intuition of a mother's heart is something that neither death nor anything else can destroy.

Oftentimes people grieve when some one is taken away from them, because, as they say, they can no longer do anything for that dear one. But is it true that they can not do anything to help them? I think not. There are two things that they can do. In the first place, as I have already said, they can try, after the first natural grief is softened, to conquer their sadness, to look up and be glad, and thus gladden the heart of the one who is living the larger life.

There is another thing, too, that we can all do for those who are "over there." We can help them by our prayers. There is no reason whatever, so far as I can see, why we should not pray just as freely for those who have passed through the change of death as we would if they were with us here. People say sometimes that those who have died are beyond the need of our prayers; but I don't believe it. If those in the next life begin just where they leave off here, and continue to progress, they surely are not beyond needing our love and our prayers. I think they do need them, and want them and welcome them. The prayers that we send out for them will certainly reach them and help them, and it will help to keep the communion of spirit between us and them. It will also comfort and help us to send out our thoughts of love to them through the highest channel possible, the channel of prayer.

Minot Savage has written some very beautiful things about the other life. He says:

"Our friends who have passed on into the larger life are not growing away from us. They are not getting off into some other sphere where they will forget that they ever lived on so plebeian a plane as this little planet, and forget that they were ever associated with common folk like us. They are waiting for us; they are working, thinking, planning, loving; and some of them will be there when we go over; and as we look and peer through the haze as it breaks, revealing the harbor and the hills of the Eternal City, there will be known faces, with love in their eyes, looking for us, and hands held out, and welcome which shall make us feel at home.

"With this great conviction in our hearts, let us go through these lives of ours without fear, taking the accidents and the incidents only as happenings by the way, seeing the meaning of all yonder; growing old not pushed by an inevitable force from behind, counting the new gray hairs every day, and watching the wrinkles in the face, and shrinking from and dreading the time when we must confess that we are aged and feeble. Let us grow old as plants and fruits grow—riper, richer every day—carrying with us the accumulated experiences; looking toward the declining sun not as though it was the end of everything and was going to leave us in the dark, looking and rejoicing in the glory as he goes down to light the other hemisphere; fixing our eyes on the stars that rise, revealing to us countless other and grander worlds; and knowing that just beyond is to be the dawning—the dawn of a day whose sun shall no more go down."

In addition to this thought which we have been emphasizing, there is the other side of the Easter message. It is not only a message in regard to the life that lies beyond; it is also a message for the life that now is. We need to emphasize also on Easter Day the thought of the Resurrection in our own personal lives. Easter should mean for us a time when we rise out of our lower selves into our higher and diviner selves. To each one of us on Easter Day the risen Christ comes, and says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open

the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me." And may we say to him, in the words of the hymn,

"Saviour, I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me."

Our Double Immortality

Daniel Evans

THERE are two immortalities. The one is the immortality of the soul, the persistence of personality, the continuance in the super temporal and super spatial order of man's distinctive individuality. The other immortality is the persistence of the influence of the departed in the life and thought of those who still live, and thus the continuance of their lives in the inner world of men's minds. They, being dead, yet speak to us and in us. The one immortality is primary, the other secondary.

This secondary immortality is a marvelous fact. It reveals the amazing power of one's personality to impress itself upon other lives, and the wonderful plasticity of the mind that can and does receive this impression. Our minds are thus capable of giving this secondary immortality to others. This it does in various ways. It is an impressive experience when one hears that some dear friend has passed away, and then, some time afterwards, he comes to us in a dream in all his vividness, with his old time manner and bearing, speech and thought, meaning and value, and we correct the erroneous news that he had died, and we rejoice that he still lives. How real is this experience, so real indeed that we awake, and find, alas! that it was only a dream, and yet we go in the power of this dream through the day, with a profound feeling that our friend, if dead, still speaks to us in the mysterious world of dreams.

Or the friend or loved one lives in our memory through dear associations. His life had a wonderful penumbra of associations. He was related to many places, scenes, and objects, and so when we look upon these instantly our memory recalls him. We recall him in these lovely vales, on these mountain tops, in these deep forest recesses, on these high seas, in these historic places. His life is thus interwoven with our lives in and through all these associations with the beautiful and significant scenes and places of the world. Memory through these associations keeps him alive in our minds.

There is, also, a vital influence for nobler living through the inspiration of their characters. In the quieter moments of meditation, in the times of stress and strain, we feel their power in our lives urging us to high endeavor. They beckon us onward and upward in our pilgrimage; they cheer us in our struggle; they sing their pean of victory at our triumph; they grip us with an iron grip when we are in danger of falling or slipping back. We can not think of their noble characters without being stirred to better living.

And their devotion to certain causes leads us to live more devoted lives. We feel compelled to keep alive their interests, to further their causes, to continue their efforts and make their sacrifices. Since they loved these interests and were devoted to them, we are led by our love of them to do the same. We make memorials in honor of them. We try to finish the work they began to do. They thus live and work in the world through us who remain devoted to their tasks.

This secondary immortality is profoundly significant and of great value. It makes human life mean much and intensely to us. It lifts human life high above the temporal and transient. It is a blessed thing to live such a life as to win one's place in "the Choir Invisible."

But this secondary immortality is not enough. It makes the destiny of the friend or loved one depend altogether upon human beings, and if these should forget, or have no dreams, and no longer derive inspiration from them, nor take interest in their causes, or pass away, then they would wholly cease to be. There is a striking story by Jules Romain with the title, "The Death of a Nobody." It is written from the point of view of group psychology. This "nobody" lived an obscure life, touched and influenced only a few persons; he dies, and soon all the others but one who knew him pass away, and then his "immortality" is wholly dependent upon the fitful memory and transient life of this solitary survivor. When he too passes, all memory of him will cease, and even this secondary immortality will end. It is true that from this point of view his secondary immortality might still continue, if and as long as God would think of him, recall his existence, meditate on his brief career, and wonder what meaning he had for the universe. We can conceive this "nobody" "though dead, still speaking," in the memory of God.

This secondary immortality, if it is to be continued forever, must thus be made dependent upon another mind than human minds, and in a being that has a deeper ground for reality than the human race, and this enables us to see that our real immortality is the primary one, and this is dependent upon God in a deeper sense than that He remembers that we once were. The Keeper of Israel, the sleepless God, the Divine Consciousness, which knows no interruptions, nor discontinuities, not only remembers the departed, but preserves them forevermore, keeps them in the hollow of His hand, loves them with an everlasting love, and continues their conscious and individual lives. "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, and all live unto Him." The primary immortality of every soul is dependent upon God; the secondary immortality is dependent upon human beings, but they are too frail, too finite, too forgetful, too transient, to make the greater and real persistence of personality depend upon them.

Moreover, this primary immortality is the con-

tinuance of the individual center of consciousness. It is the immortality of the individual in and of himself. It is not our thought or memory of him, but his own thought and his own memory of himself that makes his continuance real and of significance and value to him.

The conserved voice on a phonographic record and the movie pictures on the screen are marvelous things, and they give a secondary immortality to the persons who once thus spoke and acted, but this continuance after their death is a derivative persistence. The primary, original and substantial reality is the persons themselves. In like manner, real immortality is the persistence of living personalities, in all that made them significant and valuable in and for themselves as well as for us, and for God.

A Christian Mother and a Chinese

SIR FREDERICK TREVES, who was physician to King Edward the Seventh, published in 1904 an account of a voyage around the world called "The Other Side of the Lantern." In his chapter on "Healing the Sick" as it is attempted in China he describes the loathsome and deadly brews with which some native doctors ignorantly kill children, and the pathetic rites in the temples, mothers burning joss sticks and falling on their knees in the dirt with "drawn features" and "streaming eyes, seeking supernatural help."

Of one such poor woman he writes: "I imagine she was a woman from a sampan—one of those cheery lithe gondoliers who rock their boats to and fro across the Pearl River. In the cabin of the sampan one could picture the dying child on a mat, with its baby pigtail, with its almond shaped eyes almost closed, with a strange tint creeping over its yellow skin, and the flies of the river beginning to settle on its face. Whatever may have been the true cause of the poor woman's anguish, it needed little to tell that the scene in the dismal temple was a fearful presentation of the tragedy of the Forlorn Hope."

The prayer offered, Sir Frederick observes, is in essence that of the Christian liturgy, "that it may please Thee to succor, help and comfort all that are in danger, necessity and tribulation."

"In one of the dull alleys of Canton," he goes on, "can now and then be seen a woful illustration of the truth that 'faith is the substance of things hoped for.' A miserable mother, dazed by grief, may step out from her desolated house and wave a child's jacket in the air, looking all the time skywards with intense eagerness as if she watched for something to come. Her child is dead. Before it died it became unconscious, and it is her belief that while the child was insensible its spirit wandered away and has been lost in the lanes of the city. She waves the jacket so that the soul of the child might see it and be coaxed back to it again, and the fond mother thinks that she may still take a warm, tired body into her arms and carry it back to its home. As she stands in the street with a wistful light in her eyes, she croons a kind of cradle song that the child would know.

"The jacket is new and very bright in color, for it was made months ago for the little thing to wear when the new year came. It had been so pleased to look upon the coat even when it was lying ill. Now the new year has come but the child has wandered away."

Ever since man struggled up to conscious existence these tragedies have taken place. In Ramah and everywhere the voice has been heard. In the most enlightened homes of our own land, little ones also "wander away." Wherein the experience for Christian mothers becomes more bearable is that it is faced with a larger knowledge and a purer faith.

The Christian mother knows that it is not the will of God that her baby should leave her, and so she puts forth intelligent effort that it may not leave her. She has the help of child specialists, nurses, books of rules to be observed. She has the united effort of others interested, like the American Child Health Association, and she has a growing public conviction that a high infant mortality rate is a shameful thing for the nation and the individual. All these if she be Christian she wants the Chinese mother to have.

The Christian mother knows that on this big productive earth there is food enough and to spare, that it is not the will of God that anybody should be out of work or fail to get just recompense for work, and these chances if she be Christian she wants the Chinese mothers to have likewise.

The Christian mother has definite, clear cut teaching in her religion that man is immortal, that God created him to share immortality, that extinction would mean an immoral universe and Creator, and that the least and last little child is precious in the sight of God. Though her anguish is great, she has "a refuge and a strength." If she be Christian she wants the Chinese mother to share this precious faith.

In elemental things the Christian mother and the Chinese are one, but there is a world wide difference between them in the quality and abundance of the lives they lead.

"I am come that ye might have life," said Jesus, "and have it more abundantly."

This is the greatest of all Easter texts. Abundant life makes the solid foundation of faith for time and eternity.

Length and breadth and depth and height of soul make us confident of the Father's House of many mansions.

As we deepen our own lives, we deepen faith in all other lives.

As we conserve life on earth, we strengthen faith in heaven.

When we allow war or poverty or disease or evil of any kind to annihilate life here, we annihilate for many and weaken for all faith in life to come.

The Christian mother wants the Chinese mother to have life at its highest and best.

And to stay Christian she has to bend every effort to see that she gets it.

In this world there is still too much waving of bright colored baby jackets to a dull and leaden sky.

"Representative Universalists"

XVII James B. Macneal

FOUR generations of Universalists in Baltimore have found one man the outstanding figure in the activities of our church. All have known James B. Macneal, and, knowing him, have loved and admired him. The leaders of Universalism in the General Convention have always looked to him in all matters pertaining to the church work in his own city and through him to his ever faithful sons, J. Burgess and Charles.

Born in Baltimore on Nov. 28, 1841, his mother a devout Catholic, his father a Baptist, he became, strangely enough, early interested in the Universalist Church, and has continued steadfast in its work over an unbroken period of seventy-two years.

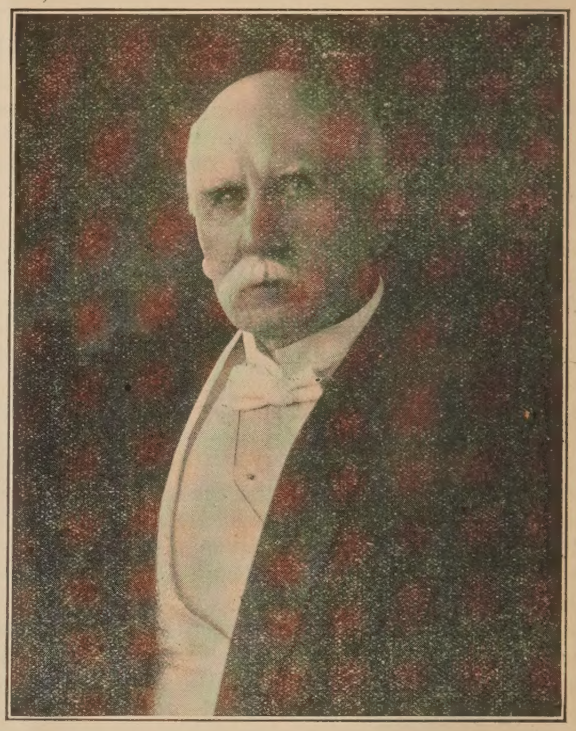
He was first identified with the Universalists as assistant secretary in the Sunday school at the age of ten. Later as a member of the church and the society, he was made a trustee and deacon.

As a member of the Board of Trustees he has been very active in the welfare of the church and was made president of the church society and chairman of the Board of Trustees, which position he held for thirty years, resigning only on account of his impaired hearing, which he feared was a handicap to the work of that office. During this continuous period, from 1881 to 1919, he piloted the craft in Baltimore, through many varying conditions and some stormy seas, safely into three harbors—Baltimore Street, Calvert Street and Guilford Avenue. He is at present chairman of the church property committee.

In 1871 he was a delegate to the Universalist Centennial at Gloucester.

Becoming interested in Murray Grove in the early eighties and later the president of the Murray Grove Association, he has made an annual pilgrimage to the birthplace of Universalism in America.

The influence of this ever-devoted Universalist has had its lasting effect upon his sons and daughters, grandchildren and great grandchildren.



JAMES B. MACNEAL

The future of the Universalist Church is brighter, the past more illuminating, on account of his untiring efforts in its behalf.

Twenty Years in the Japan Mission*

M. Agnes Hathaway

BORN and brought up in a home which was intensely devoted to the local Universalist church and to the Ontario Association, but which had little interest in the State or General Convention, the missionary spirit had not even touched me when I went away to school. The family where I boarded were Methodist, with much zeal for missions. I was soon asked to join a young girls' missionary society, composed of members of different churches, which the daughter was organizing, and learned many things which I had not heard before. I was obliged to bow my head in shame many times when some one would say to me, "Your Church does not believe in foreign missions, does it?" And I had to confess that it must be true since it had none. It was during this school period that our Mission in Japan was begun. With pride I now held my head erect when I was questioned and answered, "Yes, we do believe in foreign missions, we have one in Japan." During that time I met many returned missionaries and they seemed to me the happiest people that I had ever known. I used to wish that I too might go out to the foreign field, but circumstances prevented and I put the thought away from me. However, I was from its beginning deeply interested in this Mission and the names of Perin, Cate, Rice, Keirn and Osborn were familiar. How I rejoiced that I was to be in the same dormitory at Lombard College with Catherine Osborn when she was home on her first furlough! Mr. Kiyoshi Satoh was at that time a student there and from them I learned much about their work. The next year it was my privilege to have Tame Imai in my charge and to become so fond of her that I often remarked that I should like to adopt her, but so many years had then passed since my first interest in missions that coming to Japan no longer entered my mind.

Just twenty years ago last summer, when Tame

*Address at the Japan Mission Conference, Tokyo, Jan. 18-20, 1924.

returned to Lombard for a brief visit before coming back to Japan, as I opened the large front door to let her in, without waiting for any exchange of greeting, she exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Hathaway, won't you come to Japan?" I laughed at her and said I was too old. Not long after I received a letter from Dr. Keirn asking me whether I would consider the mission field. I answered that I was deeply interested, that I would gladly give myself to that work, but I felt that I was too old. I said, however, if they did not find a younger woman and the Board decided that they wished me to go, I would not refuse. Anxiously I waited the result of the meeting at the next General Convention. I received no word, I wondered what the decision was. As I sat in a pew in the Galesburg church and listened to Mr. Reifsnider's account of the Convention, I heard him say when they were considering a new woman missionary they wiped the slate clean and decided to begin anew. I understood at once and went about my work. Not long after I saw in the *Leader* the photograph of the young woman chosen and read a most glowing account of her capabilities. But the young man with whom she had previously quarreled decided when he heard that she was going so far away that he loved her still and persuaded her to stay in Ohio.

Again the committee began another campaign, but young women who were willing to come out here were not to be found, and one year later, nineteen years ago last fall, came another letter from Dr. Keirn. I wrote the same answer that I had sent before, and he came on to see me. I shall never forget that evening. He said that my decision was to be for life, or until old age forced me to leave. To me it was a vital moment. I felt that I was being called by our Father as the prophets had been called in days of old. When the question of salary arose I said I did not consider that. I felt that a missionary should not care for money, that just enough for my bare expenses was all I wished. Dr. Keirn was wiser than I. He said, "But you must have enough so that you can save something for old age." Now I appreciate his remark.

After my decision a serious error was made, an attempt to make preparations in too short a time. I crowded two terms of school work into one. I tried to make and buy everything I could possibly need in five years, I attempted to see all my relatives and friends once more, and in doing all of these things I left America tired in mind and body. Thirty minutes after the Korea left the San Francisco dock I was in the throes of a seasickness from which I did not fully recover until sometime after I landed.

From childhood I had admired everything that I had heard or read or seen of the Japanese people, and at the particular time I was in deep admiration of their valor in war, without a single bit of sympathy for their Russian enemy. It was my misfortune to be seated on deck next to a returned missionary who had been here nearly thirty years and who was a physical wreck. She filled my ears with tales of how she had been disappointed in her Japanese workers, how a Presbyterian evangelist would turn Congregationalist in a single night if he could only secure a better position. I was alarmed; from Dr. Keirn and Miss Osborn I had heard only lovely things. To what was I really coming?

I reached Japan the morning of May 20, 1905. By a misunderstanding it was six p. m. when I was ushered into the Blackmer Home parlor. I had scarcely seated myself when the eighteen girls one by one walked in and we were introduced. I bowed and bowed in return to their bows and went to my room remembering only one thing, that there were two Ai's. The next morning was Sunday, and I, who had been accustomed to resting from all labor on Sundays, hardly daring to sew on a button, was introduced to the carpenter who had come to put up hooks in my closet. Out of the kindness of their hearts both foreign and Japanese friends treated me to receptions before I could walk straight across the room. They selected two young women who would make good helpers. I was asked to choose and I rejected both and said I would only be satisfied with the daughter of the wealthy Mitsuu, now Mrs. Takagi and chosen to be maid of honor to the new Crown Princess—one instance, at least of my discerning ability at the beginning. I was afraid of the food, afraid of the *kurumaya*, afraid of the young men students, I was cross and irritable as a bear. I am sure I made a very bad impression at the beginning.

I had been told repeatedly that Japan was hungry for liberal religion. On the second Sunday I walked to Iidamachi with Ai Shoji, now Mrs. Uda—there was no street car nearer than Iidabashi—to find scarcely twenty people present, our Home girls then attending Mr. Nagano's service in Ushigome. In two or three weeks I was at my first conference with Japanese workers, where several refused to take the positions to which they were assigned.

I came loving the girls through my love for Tame before I had seen them, but they soon withdrew from me and I was left to the companionship of one or two. Hungry for love, I lavished my affection on the one girl who responded, not in any way realizing that I was driving the others farther and farther from me, and laying a foundation for much trouble in the future. I had taken up the work full of zeal, thinking of the great things I would do. There seemed to be nothing for me except to teach a little English and to study a little Japanese. Not long after my arrival I asked myself why I had come. There seemed nothing for me but to be an ornament, and in this artistic land I was not even an interesting curio.

Summer vacation came and I was dragged much against my will to Karuizawa. At the beginning I attended the sessions of the Presbyterian Council. Papers were read from some of the leading Japanese workers saying that in their opinion the time had come for the missionaries to leave Japan, that the Japanese had once needed their assistance but that they no longer wished them. I had just come expecting to do so much—what a situation! Homesick, still tired, already discouraged, I longed to return to my native land. Only the devotion of our little servant, Ume Shiozaki, kept me from despair. I returned in the fall to take up the study of the language in a more systematic way and to do a little more English teaching. Only one day in the Language School and I was stricken with sciatica and could not walk a step. After-

three weeks of illness I went back to school. By mistake I was put into a class too far advanced, with some very brilliant pupils. I fought through the mist until spring and acquired a "Japanese head," so that I could no longer study. There was nothing for me to do but to stop. I still taught a little English, visited occasionally some place of interest and tried to be of use, but seemed to fail.

Another summer in Karuizawa—but little better than the first, and I went to Shizuoka to work with Mr. Ito. One little servant in an immense Japanese house in a lonely place, the best though that could be found for reasonable rent, afraid of actual rats and possible robbers, when I visited Tokyo after a month's stay I trembled like a leaf much of the time. After that it became easier, and the rest of the time spent in Shizuoka was one of the best periods of my life in Japan. Mr. Ito and I had a splendid work organized and well under way when I was obliged to return to Tokyo. I really believe that my work should have been of the evangelistic type and not so much involved in the petty cares and anxieties and labor connected with the management of an institution.

The last of December, 1906, I took up the work in the Home. My helper was a lovely girl about to graduate from the Japanese Literature Department of the Women's University. She knew almost no English and I not very much good Japanese, and so we blundered on. I worked through the remaining three years and a half through various difficulties, and returned home for a furlough.

A little over a year of almost constant speaking for the Mission, intermingled with great sorrow and family difficulties, and I returned to Japan for a period of nearly seven years, there being no one to take my place. This was my best work, a young men's Bible class, the work in the Home and among church people. I was kept busy from morning until night. Another year's furlough much like the first, with sorrows and family anxieties mingled with almost constant speaking, and I came back to Japan Oct. 13, 1919.

I have almost completed my last period in Japan, a period in which more sorrows and anxieties and difficulties have come into my work than in all the years of the first two periods combined. All of these years of experience ought to leave many lessons in my mind. Some impressions have changed since the first. One at least remains the same. Never have I experienced at home such kindness from strangers as I have received here. Policemen will go a long distance out of their way to guide us, students on the car will get off with us and take us to our destination. No act of kindness or assistance seems too much for them. We need to take this lesson home and beg our people in America to be as kind to strangers within her gates as the Japanese have been to us.

Not until the time of the great disaster did I realize the kindness of our neighbors. As together we watched the gates of the Home I felt that I was in no sense in a foreign land, nor ever had been.

I have many of the same convictions about missionaries, too, that I had before coming, but seeing my own mistakes has taught me others. There should be a thorough preparation of the missionary before coming to the field. She should be strong, tactful, full of inspiration, deeply consecrated. No matter how spiritual she may be when she lands here she is bound to lose much of this in her various labors. Deprived of a Sunday worship in her own tongue, with almost no association with her fellow workers, almost nothing outside of herself to feed her spiritual life, daily duties are sure to crowd out her own personal Bible study and her own personal devotional hour. It is a rare worker that grows to fullest possibilities, usually she goes back instead.

The missionary must be humble. Any of the attitude toward our friends which savors of the "I am greater than thou" is bound to arouse opposition and to destroy our influence for good. We should cease to speak of our Japanese friends ever as "they" or to them as "you," but should always say "we." Hearts are just the same the world over. There are some differences of view point, some differences of training, but I have never felt any different toward my Blackmer Home Girls than toward the girls who were my charge at Lombard College, and it gave me just as much joy to meet a former Sebi Jo Gekko student on the streets of Zushi and to know her children as it gives me to meet and know the families of my former students in America.

The missionary must be patient. How much I have failed because of quick temper, or failure to wait for the opportune time before replying to an urgent question! Like the earthquake which in a minute destroyed the work of years, I have undone all the good influence which I had previously exerted on some individual by hasty words. If there is one thing which we missionaries need to cultivate more than any other it is a calm exterior. It is impossible for us to realize what feelings we arouse in the hearts of others when we answer them in an excited or dictatorial manner.

The missionary should get the language so she can use it well. Educated families in America are loath to receive into their inner circles those who repeatedly say "I seen" or "I done." No less we shock people here by our murder of their most polite expressions, and lose our opportunity.

We need more consecrated Japanese workers. From the beginning our work has been too small to attract to it any large number of Japanese men of ability. It has required an infinite amount of courage to stand by so small an organization. It took a strong heart to labor for years as Mr. Ito did in Shizuoka and not only scarcely be recognized by the other Japanese pastors but to have a missionary refuse to shake hands with him because he was a Universalist. Mr. Trueman in his article several years ago on Mr. Nagano's work laments that the one man who is doing more for the upbuilding of the city of Nagoya than any other is barred from membership in the Y. M. C. A. because of his church affiliation. Michi-ko Kawai, a famous Christian worker, tells Mr. Kawabata that she does not think it wise to speak in his church because he is liberal. You who have been with us a long time, you who are now giving your younger lives to the work, must know that we do appreciate your willingness to stand alone. Upon you rests a heavier responsibility than upon workers in larger circles. You must make your work so effective that it will

draw others to you and they will all know the value of the message which we proclaim.

When this Mission was organized only a few of our church members in America were vitally interested and willing to support us. There has been a marked improvement in support and interest of late, due largely to the earnest labors of Dr. and Mrs. Ayres. There must be more interest still. The time must soon come when every American Universalist church member feels that this is his Mission and that he is bound to do his best to make it succeed. To accomplish this rests largely with us here. When our people at home really feel that we are doing our best, when they feel that we are not only doing but giving to the best of our ability, when they feel that we are full of gratitude for what they are doing for us, that when a girl receives a high school or college education she wishes to do all that she can in return, that we are willing to sacrifice, to give up, to go without, that we may share in their sacrificing and giving up and going without, I believe they will rise to the need of this work. There must be a mutual working together on both sides before the end will be attained. Young men and young women who have gone to America, who have met our people there, whose names have become household words, must not disappoint them.

One viewpoint I have observed here which for years has been a sorrow, and that is the thought that one could not be loyal to and fond of two missionaries at the same time. Miss Osborn and I struggled earnestly over the thought that the girls could love both of us at once and we would both be happy. We do not come to Japan to make followers of ourselves, but followers of the Master. I would beg for followers of the cause and not of individuals in any branch of our work.

There must be a better understanding between missionaries and workers. For some time I supposed it to be the climate that caused so many of us to break down and have to return. In later years I decided it is the misunderstandings that kill us. I must beg of the workers to have more patience with us as well as I would beg the missionary to have more patience with the worker. Why did we come to Japan? It was not for our own advancement, in rare cases was it for a change of scene or adventure, it has usually been because we loved our Church, we loved our faith and we wanted to give it to people who had not heard it. We have come with a desire to serve, to do all in our power to help in every way possible. We are human, we have frailties, we get cross and quick-tempered or we make some careless remark, and then we become the target for criticism and comparison, and then we become discouraged and turn critics ourselves. There is where we fail. Would that we were strong enough to bear ourselves as we ought under any fire, but we do not seem to be and hence we must pray for mutual forgiveness.

And last of all I would pray for a stronger bond of love among us all. A love that is patient, kind, forgiving, a love that does not find fault, but encourages; that does not criticise but sees the good, a love that endures as longs as life itelf endures, a love like that of our Master.

Cruising Around These United States

XIX An Editor on Ministers

John van Schaick, Jr.

"GILROY is first of all the pastor and the preacher," said Dr. Pierce, president of the Congregational Ministers' Meeting, this morning, in Pilgrim Hall, Boston. He was speaking of the Rev. W. E. Gilroy, D. D., editor of the *Congregationalist.*

In spite of the deluge of rain, I went down this morning to hear what a man had to say whose experience in many ways is parallel to my own.

Carried swiftly to the eighth floor, I found myself soon holding a reception in the editorial offices, Rolfe Cobleigh, managing editor, presenting me to the Rev. Parris T. Farwell, literary editor, Miss Elizabeth G. White, news editor, and Kenneth S. Ballou, advertising and circulation manager, the latter a direct descendant of the Rev. Hosea Ballou and, in addition to being a business executive, the perfectly good husband of a perfectly good Congregationalist wife. The offices look out over the city on every side, giving the near view and the far, and sunshine all day long, which accounts in part for the vision and cheer of the *Congregationalist.*

Dr. Gilroy, editor-in-chief, joined us, and he and Cobleigh were good enough to escort me to the meeting. Here to my surprise I found myself taken up in front, put on the platform, asked to conduct the devotional exercises, and announced as editor of the *Leader* and a friend of the Rev. Jason Noble Pierce, D. D., of Washington, son of the presiding officer and pastor of the President of the United States. For warmth and kindness I haven't seen any group, North or South, which surpassed this rainy day group of forty ministers at Congregational Headquarters.

Dr. Pierce read resolutions passed on Dr. Gordon's anniversary, announced the Rev. Richard Roberts of Montreal as preacher at the noonday services for Holy Week, and then presented Dr. Gilroy.

"It is now some time," said Dr. Gilroy, "since I agreed to speak. Then I had definite things I wanted to say. Now I am not so sure of it. The most outstanding reflection which comes to me as I think of 'An Editor's View of Ministers' is that I am just as much a preacher and pastor in the editor's chair as I was in the pastorate. I have been an editor two years. I was a pastor in charge of a church twenty-five years, and I had every kind of pastoral experience. I was pastor in the backwoods of Canada, forty miles from a railroad. I then went successively to a high grade rural community, to the east end of a growing industrial city, where my wealthiest man was a $1,200 bank clerk, but whose salary was double that of the minister, to a typical church in a small industrial community, to a similar pastorate in an old family church, and finally to a leading church in a strong

community with a substantial history and prestige.

"Coming to a new and unexpected field, I find my impressions very decided.

"The first is the thought, how hard the average minister works. I knew how hard farmers work, and how hard business men work. As a minister I had thought I worked hard. As an editor I have worked twelve or fifteen hours a day, on a job which is always with me, and where I have had no vacation at all until the last few weeks. I have stuck close to the routine of office and never worked harder in my life than in my two years as editor of the *Congregationalist.*

"With this background I say my impression is deepened as to the strain of the toil of the average minister.

"One of our leading ministers said to me recently just the opposite, that our ministers are soldiering, loafing on the job, dishing up what comes handy as a sermon, and not living as pastors in close contact with our people, and that this is the reason the church does not go ahead. I disagree with him. What I have been able to see from my new standpoint proves to me the intense strain of the pastoral office. Think of the conscientious pastor in an industrial town, in a time of depression, people out of work, sharing the responsibility of their lives!

"In the second place, my impression has been confirmed that conditions affecting the ministry are not radically different from those of other occupations. Students tell us that they do not want to go into the ministry because they can not be free. There are limitations on the ministry which we accept. For example, I have never felt free to bargain commercially like other men. But as to freedom the ministry is no different from any other occupation. The teacher has his problem of freedom, the editor, any editor, has his problem, and the minister likewise. Long ago I discovered that freedom is taking what you need and paying in consequences.

"I want to say I have been surprised by my freedom as editor of the *Congregationalist.* When I found that a committee was considering me I said to my wife: 'I am not interested. It is too cut and dried down there. I can't be free.' I found on interviewing the committee that they were willing to give me all the rope I wanted to hang myself or tangle myself up. I found that the things I had written which seemed the most extreme on social questions were the things which interested the committee the most. In two years there has not been the slightest attempt to limit my editorial freedom.

"Every man should limit his own freedom. The limitation he should impose is accuracy. When the accurate judgment is once made, for the true minister or editor there is no drawing back.

"My third impression is that the worst conditions affecting ministers are due to ministers themselves. Some blame may attach to laymen, some blame may be due to wrong education, but the ministry itself is the most to blame. An Englishwoman wrote a book during the suffrage struggle on 'Woman's Worst Enemy—Woman.' Even so we could write one on 'The Minister's Worst Enemy—the Minister.'

"The tragedy of the profession is that men of ability are laid on the shelf too soon. There is a dead line often as low as thirty-five. The minister faces a dead line almost as soon as he starts. One of the saddest features of this disqualifying of ministers is that the bitterest word is spoken often by brother ministers.

"One of the discoveries of my new position is that I am now a pastor of pastors. Some word of sympathy I may have written has caused men sorely tried to unburden their hearts to me. In some cases I have found that a man's seeming failure may be an indication of the greatest success. There are Calvaries in the pastorate where men sacrifice themselves with the greatest courage. Ministers ought to realize and appreciate such situations. As ministers we are not as kindly in judgment, as large-spirited, as patient with one another, as we ought to be.

"Finally my new post has confirmed my impression as to the vital tasks and opportunities of the ministry. There are Calvaries in the profession, but also a resurrection glory. I can't think of a man choosing the profession except as a man chooses to enlist. After the terrible battles of the first 30,000 men Canada sent to the great war, recruiting was at its highest.

"When the young men of Canada realized that it was not a picnic, that perhaps they were going to their doom, they rushed to enlist. It was a divine revelation of the glory of human nature. In the same way we can enlist men by letting them see both the hardships and sacrifices and the glorious opportunities for vital service in the ministry.

"I think that some of the great delight I feel in the editorial office is that there is more than writing in it. More than ever I am the preacher and pastor. If we can trust one another and trust God, if we can brave the dangers, and no life is more full of danger, there is no career as glorious as the ministry."

Dr. Gilroy was warmly cheered and the president, Dr. Pierce, spoke most appreciatively and appropriately of the address.

It would have been interesting to hear Dr. Gilroy discuss journalism from the standpoint of a man who has recently entered the profession. As pastor, he has been a promoter of all kinds of effort, just as interested in the man of one talent as in the man with ten, concerned deeply even with the unfit, salvaging waste human products.

All at once he finds himself in a situation where success depends upon the selective faculty, seeing the best, choosing it and letting all the rest go. The promoter turns into the critic. How does he like the process?

Old timers say the danger before new men entering journalism, especially pastors and preachers, is that they will be too sentimental—tender hearted, appreciative of all kinds of contributions, seeing in the verses or sermon the man or woman back of them with the eyes of a parish worker—and that an indispensable qualification in journalism is "to be hard boiled." How does Dr. Gilroy like the process of "hard boiling?"

Inevitably he has to set himself up to be a judge of his brother's work—even the men he thinks twenty times the man he is. Is this agreeable?

On a much broader platform than that of the parish, with the spotlight playing on all parts of his work, even if he keeps his name entirely out of his publication, he has to stand and look at the whole world, peer into the future, accurately survey his forces, and decide when and how he is to use them. Does this give him something of a thrill to compensate for other things?

Are there other glorious compensations? Does it invigorate to discover that "every knock is a boost?" Does he become tied up to a great family scattered over the world who think of him and pray for him every week, recognize him into whatever community he goes, take his hand and welcome him into their homes? Does he have to read any number of fascinating books, and the journals of brother editors struggling along the same road, and feel the wonderful comradeship which binds men who are up against the same difficulties and dangers and face to face with the same great chances?

Is it something worth while to him to feel that every scrap of knowledge and every human contact and every square foot of earth and sea and sky is significant to him in his present job?

And does it rejoice his soul to find himself part of a team instead of the star player of the parish?

As we read the live, interesting *Congregationalist* we get answers to our questions.

Not all of us who have been pastors can make editors.

The old timers assert that the true editor is "born —not made."

It is obvious that he has to be born, but there is some heating him white hot in the flames of pain and some hard pounding him on the anvil of experience before he can take shape as a real editor.

The Political Situation in China

Gilbert Reid

THESE are days when it is hard to describe accurately the political system of any country. It is even more so of the system that is supposed to prevail in China. What, for instance, is the political system in Great Britain since a member of the Labor Party has been chosen as Prime Minister? What is, or what has been, the political system in Soviet Russia before and since the death of Lenin? Is Communism the prevailing system in Russia? Is Socialism the prevailing system in Great Britain? Are countries that are called republics really democratic? Are countries that are called empires (at present there are only two) or kingdoms any more imperialistic than those that are called republics? One who answers these questions and sees how hard it is to make an answer will then appreciate the difficulties of describing accurately the present political system and the prevailing ideas that exist in the Republic of China. Because one has lived many years in China and is supposed to be familiar with Chinese conditions, this is no reason for regarding such a one as an expert or an arbiter on Chinese affairs. I myself have lived in China for over forty years and have known most of the ruling class under the monarchy and in the republic, but I confess that when I attempt to tell what are the actual conditions in China I can do but little more than make a surmise at it.

In general, the political system that prevails in China is not democratic. The people have no more rights, and they even have less protection, under the republic, than they had in the days of the Manchu rule. Our miscalculation of the present situation may be traced to a miscalculation as to what existed under the Manchu monarchy. When the first revolution took place, it was generally declared that the monarchy was an autocracy, and that the Manchu Emperors were autocrats, but this was far from the truth. During the last few years before the fall of the Manchu dynasty, the government was a constitutional monarchy in which the rights of the people were guaranteed. The great Emperors of the Manchu dynasty always found themselves restricted by the decisions of the Ministers in Council. Even the great Empress Dowager managed to retain her supreme authority because she followed the opinions of wise advisers, and also because she gave the officials wide scope for carrying out her imperial decrees.

It is true that when the republic was started after the first revolution, under the leadership of Dr. Sun Yat-sen and Dr. Wu Ting-fang, and others of similar kind, the system as outlined in the provisional constitution was much like that of the United States of America. However, the natural spirit of compromise came in, and by yielding the Presidency to Yuan Shih-kai, the republic yielded itself to one who still carried out the spirit of monarchy rather than the spirit of democracy. Hence it was that the start was not favorable to the expansion of democratic ideas.

Another great change took place in the year 1917. It was then that Li Yuan-hung was President, and it is doubtless true that he was anxious to make a success of the republic and that he believed that the Chinese were ready for a republic. Whatever drawbacks there were came from the fact that China could not separate herself from the rest of the world, and that she must take into consideration what was going on even in Europe. Hence it was that under pressure from the more advanced nations like the United States, Great Britain and France, China was advised to concern herself directly with the military and political issues that had arisen in the two groups of warring nations in Europe. The military element in China came to the front. Those who were called military governors were summoned to a conference in Peking by the Premier, who was the leader of the military faction of the North, General Tuan Chih-jui. These men supported the Premier in his desire to bring China into direct relation with the Allied or Entente group of the nations at war, and definitely against the group of Central Powers. It is true that many of these men asserted that they were deciding in favor of that which was right, in favor of

democracy, in favor of liberty, and in favor of liberal ideas. But these military men were hardly the ones to espouse such a beautiful theory. They were naturally militaristic. They had for years been seeking to get power into their own hands. Many of them had been greedy for gain and had amassed great wealth. Many of the richest men in China were those who held military position. Those who were inclined to methods of autocracy were in the military group.

It thus followed that the military governors by entering into the Great War became more militaristic and more autocratic. China drifted away from the spirit of democracy under the general influence that issued from the autocratic *regime* that prevailed everywhere under the exigencies of war. There might be a dream in China, as in the West, for a coming democracy. There might be a hope that the world, including China, was to be made safe for democracy. But certainly, during the four years of war, there was no possibility for democracy to assert itself.

China, therefore, having gone into the general drift of militarism and of autocracy, has continued in that drift down to the present time. The military governors have increased in their power and also in their wealth. The Government of China is under the direction of militarists, not under the guidance of civilians or of the *literati*, as in the old days of the Manchu monarchy. The last President, Tsao Kun, who has been elected by Parliament, is the recognized head of the strongest military faction in the North, or in all China. China is, therefore, a militaristic government, not a democratic government.

It is supposed by many in the home countries that the democratic element in China is represented by Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and that those who want democracy and who favor liberal ideas are being oppressed by the militarism of the Central Government. This might be possible if Dr. Sun would only remain true to his professed ideas. He has had the chance to be the great leader of a democratic movement in China. But in his general attitude he has been as militaristic as the militarists whom he condemns. During the last year he has been waging warfare against a former associate who wanted to make a model of government in the Canton Province. He has also more than once called for a punitive expedition against the Government in Peking. He is a generalissimo more than one of the common people. He issues orders rather than consults the wishes of the people, even those who are educated as many of the merchants are. He talks of democracy, but relies on the force of arms.

Thus it is that there is no great movement at present in favor of the overthrow of militarism except by methods of militarism. There is no way for securing a democracy except by fighting for it. The only way to get rid of certain great generals is for other generals or soldiers to rise up and kill them off. The only revolution that seems to be in mind is a bloody revolution. It is only strife added to strife, and the people continue to suffer.

It would be wise if the Chinese could learn from the English habit of bringing about changes by peaceful revolution and by constitutional methods. Whether China will thus learn or not is uncertain at the present time. Those who represent themselves as defenders of democracy seem more inclined to the French type of revolutionist or to the latest Russian type. The three revolutions which have arisen in one decade have not taught the Chinese the futility of continued military uprisings and civil strife. China has yet much to learn.

Peking, China.

Confession of a Universalist to Universalists

Mary P. Upton

I HAVE just spent eleven years in a city in which there is no Universalist church, and I will truthfully say that on the whole I feel that I have benefited by my varied experiences. I think if one can come up smiling after nearly eight years in Pittsburgh he has had the final test of endurance in this country. However, all of us have much for which to be thankful.

When I left home I was a Universalist by inheritance. I was born and brought up in Universalism. I felt that I believed in the fine principles of the Universalist Church, and the home church and its people were a part of me. I had never known anything else. Not knowing anything else, I, like a good many others, took it all for granted and did very little thinking for myself.

We moved to New York, and when we were just about settled in a church home in Brooklyn we were transferred to Pittsburgh, the great workshop of the world. Now was the time which found us stranded as far as our Universalist church was concerned. Here for six years we were the victims of circumstance. With no Universalist church and the nearest Unitarian church twenty miles away, we let our little four-year-old girl go with a little friend to the Methodist Sunday school. Then when our baby girl was three years old they both attended a while longer. Their little friend's parents were very active in that church because her grandfather was a well known clergyman of that denomination.

This went on for almost three years, during which time I was always in touch with my home church in Salem, going on very special occasions with my little girls to the adopted one near by, but all the time rebelling within myself as to what we should finally do.

As we all know, our friends do not often bring up the subject of religion for discussion. My belief was one of almost unknown quantity or quality in this locality, so I found myself at different times confronted with questions, some of which I felt fully capable of answering and others not. With the aid of my home pastor and great quantities of literature I spread Universalism as best I could. I began to realize more than ever what our own good Church means, if, after all these years, with little exertion on my part, when there was no necessity of declaring

myself, when I did reason I realized that I was full and overflowing with Universalism. Right there I decided not to be a backslider even if the nearest of my church family did live almost twenty miles away. From then on we all rode eighteen miles over the south hills of Pittsburgh to the North Side Unitarian church every Sunday morning, yet some say that automobiles are a detriment to the church. One Sunday morning our automobile was not as religious as we were when we were most anxious to hear the morning sermon, for it refused to go more than one mile and a half and left us at the entrance of a bituminous coal mine. If we had belonged to any other denomination we might have thought it quite suggestive. However, one could not expect much more of a Pittsburgh machine.

I want to mention a little incident which happened in a big Methodist church, one of the old landmarks of Pittsburgh, called "Old Brimstone Corner." The minister had a question box every Sunday evening just before his sermon. I noticed in the paper that on the next Sunday one of the questions to be answered was, "Wherein do Universalists and Unitarians differ from other Christians?" I went down to hear him and the answer he gave was: "Mainly in their attitude toward Jesus Christ." "They do not believe in the deity of Jesus at all." "They are rather an elastic people because when you pin them down to facts they say they do believe in the divinity of Jesus. They do not know what they believe, if they believe anything." He went on to say that when he attended school in Boston he had occasion to go to many churches, among them Universalist and Unitarian, and he could see no difference there. They spoke of Jesus as the Saviour and Shepherd. When we left the church and as he took my hand I said, "I am one of those elastic people of whom you spoke." I meant elastic in the sense that we are truly able to stretch our thinking power in search for the truth. He said, "We didn't offend you, did we?" and I answered, "Oh, not at all. You defined the meaning all right, but you left a good deal of the question unanswered."

Now many of you have really found out for yourselves how much Universalism means at home, but go away somewhere where you never hear or see Universalism and you will soon learn to know what you have missed and are missing. When one goes into the Middle West and hears so much against Universalism it is time that you New Englanders woke up to the fact that it lies with you to spread the liberal message of practical Christianity, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

Washington Letter

Clarence E. Rice

THE National Christ Crusade inaugurated two months ago in the Nation's Capital has been an event of unusual value to our work as a Church. While our prominent speakers from various sections of the country completed their brilliant work with March 30, other local services are in progress until Easter.

It was felt by our Washington church that if the meetings were to be a success every possible effort must be made to create and maintain interest through the two-month period. If we were to command attention here in the Capital where so many and varied interests are constantly pressing for recognition, it would be necessary to use publicity to as great an extent as possible.

With this in view, a committee visited the various editors of church news, and secured their cooperation. A story was given to the Associated Press and the United Press. Every Saturday there appeared not only a generous paid advertisement but a write-up of the national scope of the movement and the special service for the following Sunday. The picture and biography in brief of the preacher for the day was given a prominent place, and as far as possible a report in Monday's papers of the sermon delivered.

Every organization in the church was mobilized to promote the undertaking. The Board of Trustees, the Ladies' Aid, the Mission Circle, the Comrades, the Y. P. C. U., all accepted a part in the work of preparation for the Crusade, several weeks in advance. The ladies divided the church into "tens," each "ten" to secure ten more to attend the services. The young people undertook to furnish a chorus choir of forty voices to assist the splendid double quartet that had been organized for the two months series. The Comrades took the names of men, and either called on them in person or by telephone, urging them to attend. Large posters were painted announcing speakers and subjects, and were kept constantly in front of the church. Printed cards and folders were sent out throughout the neighborhood of the church. We tried to employ every possible device for advertising the Christ Crusade. The response was very gratifying, and the interest was kept up to the last, as attested by the large congregations attending, regardless of weather.

It is, naturally, too early to estimate results, but our church people are giving themselves to "follow-up" work which promises definite returns. In the first place the "Crusade" is not over until Easter. Three or four supplementary services during the days preceding Easter will be held. Every organization in the church is uniting in a great meeting to welcome Miss Hazel Kirk, who is home on her furlough from Japan. Services for Holy Week follow, with special endeavor to bring the spiritual forces of the church to the front and to continue and cement the interest created by the stirring messages of the past two months and focus them on religious work and church membership.

Our efficient Board of Trustees have taken advantage of the interest created to promote an every member canvass for the financial budget of the ensuing year. While at this writing this canvass is not completed it is fully expected that we shall nearly double the number of contributors and increase the amount raised by fifty per cent.

All in all our people here feel greatly encouraged by the Christ Crusade and eagerly await results in other parts of our Zion where it will be carried out. Churches should not wait to be urged to arrange for these inspiring meetings, but should send in at once to the General Superintendent asking co-operation in arranging for such a Crusade as it is hoped will sweep through our Church from East to West and from North to South.

I want to express in behalf of all our people here the gratitude of the Church of Our Father of Washington to our General Superintendent, to the General Convention and to the Murray Lectureship for inaugurating the National Christ Crusade in the Capital, and pray that it may do for all our churches as much as it has done for us.

If I may be permitted a personal word in closing, I should like to say that after a year and a half of close acquaintance and work with our church in Washington, I am more than ever persuaded of the large possibilities for success in this strategic center, if adequate facilities for expansion and growth are provided. Already we have a strong, intensely loyal and devoted society. But we are hampered by the lack of a plant for our growing work. With the promised church and parish house we shall be able to secure our share of the thousands who come to the Capital every year.

Other churches here built as National Memorials have prospered almost beyond belief. The Methodist Memorial Church, built recently by the Church at large, has had to hold double services every Sunday to accommodate the numbers. The Unitarians, just now completing their splendid National Memorial Church, are having greater congregations than ever before. I know of no National Memorial Church out of perhaps a dozen here, that has not abundantly prospered.

With our lot on beautiful New Hampshire Avenue and the new church and parish house built thereon, we shall double our strength, receive our quota of newcomers and take the prominent place among the religious forces which we ought to hold in the Capital of the nation.

Religious Currents in France

Winfred Ernest Garrison

THERE are many more things to be said about Italy, and when I get on the steamer three days hence I may, if the weather is favorable, write some things about Florence, and some comments upon the cities of the plain, Ravenna and Rimini, to balance what I have already said about the hill-towns of Umbria, and possibly some impressions of Venice and Milan, and certainly a few paragraphs about Turin and the Waldensian valleys in the far northwestern corner of Italy. But just now I am in Paris after brief stops at Nice and Avignon, and must make haste to record what I have seen and heard. It will be rather what I have heard than what I have seen, for one gets only superficial glimpses in two weeks. Still, one does see some things and even some significant things.

I have seen, for example, that there is a great difference in the way in which Sunday is observed in Italy and in those French cities which I have touched. In Italy usually all the kinds of shops are closed on Sunday that would be closed in America, and some others. Not a drug store in Rome is open on Sunday; there is an agreement among them. However, the little tea-rooms and confectioneries (which also sell wine) and the little saloons and wine-shops (which sell as much tea and coffee as anything else) are open on Sunday. In Nice and Paris a great deal more business is done on Sunday, though it is still not true that everything is open. Almost all the larger places are closed, while the smaller ones are generally open. It is probably not a matter of religion at all but a question of the rights of employees. The places which have large bodies of unionized employees are compelled to give them their Sunday off. The places which are operated by their proprietors with the assistance of their wives and children can do as they please. The large department stores in Paris announce that to "conform to the English week" they keep open Saturday afternoon and remain closed Monday morning. Think of a department store without the Monday morning bargain crush. Well, yes, I suppose they might have it just as well Monday afternoon. However, they do not bait the Sunday papers so heavily with bargain-ads to catch the Monday shopper.

The persons with whom I have talked, including many of the most prominent leaders of French Protestantism, have expressed varying opinions about many things, but have all agreed upon the following points: First, apart from any interest that may be stimulated by the propaganda of the churches, there is a more intense and wide-spread interest in religion in France now than for many years past; and, second, both Catholic and Protestant Churches are making vigorous efforts to take advantage of this favorable current and are very active in their work of propaganda.

What are the Catholics doing? I can begin the answer best by a description of something that I saw. The Cathedral of Notre Dame is a vast affair, as most of you know. It was built when labor was cheap and everybody belonged to the same church, and it was to be the cathedral of all Paris, so they built it as big as they could. Its size was not all, of course, for it was made beautiful with carvings, stately with its forest of columns, intricate with its stone lace-work of traceried rose-windows, fantastic with gargoyles clutching at cornices and leaning precariously from eaves as though fleeing from the wrath of God, and radiant with painted glass. I had gone to see its beauty, not its bigness, but its bigness impressed me vividly when I found it full of people. An agreeable Englishman volunteered that a policeman had told him it was not a religious meeting but some sort of feast. Which shows how much misinformation one may pick up without cost by giving ear to communicative ignorance. It was in reality a lecture by Father Janvier on "The Fundamental Truths of the Christian Faith." The

lecture was especially for men, and they were there by thousands, paying a small admission fee. The address, which was the third of a series, dealt with the relation of science to religion. It gave high praise to science as an aid to religion and morality, and spoke with great respect of the character and achievements of scientific men. The evident purpose was to leave in the minds of intelligent people, and especially of those with a predilection for science, the impression that there is nothing in the Catholic faith or discipline to hinder the greatest freedom of scientific investigation and that the Church is the true friend of all who seek the truth by rational or experimental processes. Whether this is true or not, is quite another question; but such a presentation to intellectual people certainly makes a more persuasive apologetic than any amount of denunciation of modern science as atheistic and of over-working the phrase, "science falsely so-called." This was very clearly a piece of Catholic propaganda addressed to the intellectuals, and it was evidently getting a very large and favorable hearing.

The statement that all the thinking people have practically abandoned the Catholic Church, or that the men in Catholic countries leave church-going to the women and children, is not supported by the observed facts. There have been a considerable number of conversions of intellectuals to the Catholic faith, and my own observation is that the proportion of men in attendance at mass (not to mention this tremendous crowd at Notre Dame) compares very favorably with the proportion of men at Protestant services. I am told by several informants, and it is denied by none, that there is a strong Catholic movement in the universities of France which includes, though it is not confined to, a vigorous revival of the Thomist philosophy. French Catholic writers are busy with the creation of a new literature in a wide variety of fields but all essentially apologetic.

In connection with this new effort to reach the leaders of thought, a clever and interesting device is the establishment of a new organization called "The Central Office of Book-selling and Bibliography." The purpose of this is to furnish both to individual readers and students and to librarians all such varieties of literary and bibliographical service as are rendered by the American Library Association, and some others besides. It publishes classified bibliographies of both standard and recent books on all sorts of subjects, not only on religion but in the fields of history, government, economics, sociology, and science. It issues a monthly magazine of book reviews. It is prepared to answer individual inquiries presented either by mail or in person. It offers to recommend or select books for libraries. This, it will be observed, is doing in a positive way what the old Index of Prohibited Books undertook to do in a negative way. That old system of prohibiting the faithful from reading books unfavorable to the Catholic Church is still in force and probably always will be, but it has never worked any too well and nowadays it works worse than ever. Thinking people resent being told what they shall not read. But thinking people are quite open to suggestions as to books dealing with subjects in which they are interested. It can scarcely fail that this new service will exercise an immense influence upon the reading, and therefore upon the thinking, of thousands who would scornfully ignore the prohibitions of the Index. This is especially true since it makes no unnecessary display of its ecclesiastical bias. Ostensibly it is simply a book-selling organization equipped to render expert bibliographical service. But one observes that the Archbishop of Cambrai is at the head of it, and that the "Imprimatur" and "Nihil Obstat" appear upon the inner cover of its publications. It can not be doubted that the books recommended will be carefully chosen with reference to their favorable attitude toward Catholic claims and doctrines.

It is not easy to make a just assessment at present of the importance or even of the import of the new law, recently passed by the Chamber of Deputies, in regard to the holding and control of ecclesiastical property. The Papal Nuncio at Paris—who has the status of an ambassador and serves *ex officio* as dean of the diplomatic corps—has been very busy with negotiations with the Government which have led to this issue. It is apparently a partial repeal of the law of 1905 which abrogated the Concordat of 1801 and left the Catholic Church without a definitely recognized legal status. The Church has never accepted that law and has never formed the local associations of laymen for the holding of church property as required by the law. The new project is a compromise by which, as one Protestant clergyman expressed it, the Government connives at the evasion of its former law. But Protestant opinion is divided in regard to the desirability of the new arrangement. Some Catholic bishops also opposed it, but in his recent speech at the consistory when the two American cardinals were appointed, the Pope expressed great satisfaction with it. It looks very much like a new Concordat giving the Catholic Church legal status practically on its own terms. The project has not yet become law, but must come before the new Chamber of Deputies which will be elected on May 11. The election is awaited with interest.

The Protestants also are active in the propagation of their faith. The Federation of Protestant Churches gives to the forces of Protestantism a solidarity which they have long lacked. The Federation and many of the denominational missionary organizations occupy a handsome building which was bought less than a year ago with the help of substantial contributions from America. To go through this building and sit down for long talks, as I have had the privilege of doing, with one after another of the leaders of these enterprises, is to gain a new appreciation of the substantial quality and the high spiritual tone of the Protestant organizations in France. Protestantism, as I have said before, is by no means a negligible force even in Italy, but it is twenty times as strong numerically in France in a population approximately equal.

It has the further advantage of being free from the imputation of being a foreign importation. In John Calvin's own country it is impossible for any one to think of Protestantism as a foreign something which is being foisted upon the nation in place of their native religion. The Reformed and Lutheran Churches are co-operating harmoniously in the Protestant theological faculty, in which one of the finest

spirits is Prof. Wilfred Monod, who is also one of the preachers at the old historic church known as the Oratory, across the street from the Louvre, and whose devotional and apologetic books are worthy, both for their contents and for their style, of a translation into English which they have not yet received.

I was interested in attending this afternoon the funeral services of General Robert Nivelle, who was at one time commander of the armies of France and who came on a mission to America after the war. He was accompanied on that mission of international good-will by Pastor Andre Monod, Agent Directeur of the French Protestant Committee, who conducted the funeral services to-day. General Nivelle was a member of the Reformed Church. Paris turned out in great numbers to do honor to this Christian soldier. The street was crowded with civilians and lined with troops from the Arc de Triomphe out the Avenue de la Grande Armee past the Church of the Etoile almost to the end. It was a visible demonstration of the fact that Protestantism has a large place in the affairs of the nation.

I have met a few people in Paris besides the religious leaders. Yesterday by invitation I spent an hour with Madame Curie in her laboratory in the Radium Institute, which is located on a street which has now been named after her husband and collaborator, Pierre Curie. It was worth coming to Paris for that experience. Time was when it seemed to many a simple and easy thing to say that the universe merely consists of matter, just sixty or seventy kinds of atoms, each simple and eternal, combining and re-combining to produce all the visible phenomena of nature and of life. But what is matter, in a world which contains such a substance as radium? It is no wonder that a French thinker said to me that materialism has collapsed. Philosophy from one angle, physics and chemistry and biology from another, and the bitter yearnings and heart-hungers of desolated men and women from a third, have combined to make forever impossible such a simple and superficial explanation of the known facts of the world. And so men are turning with a new eagerness to an explanation which has in it a place for the spiritual life and for the great fact of God.

Paris, March 26, 1924.

Another Newton Book*

Charles F. Patterson

THERE is apparently no end to the making of many books about America, and especially that conglomeration of all tongues and peoples of the world, the city of New York. The new world metropolis, wherein the native American may soon find it necessary to employ a polyglot guide and interpreter, has been written up and written down, bisected, dissected, and analyzed; it has been praised and condemned, loved and hated, laughed at and jeered at, compared to Paradise and to the Inferno, compared to a cheese as seen through the miscroscope, and to the bright evening star as seen through the telescope.

From Diedrich Knickerbocker down to Philip Gibbs and Arnold Bennett, poets and politicians, statesmen and sociologists, actors and ambassadors, humorists and humanists, novelists, globe-trotters, reporters, criminologists and others, have provided a steady flow of impressions and descriptions of New York.

With this in mind, one may be inclined to turn away from a new book on an overdone subject with the feeling that the last word has been said, that every avenue of approach has been traversed.

But there is something "new under the sun," and Dr. Newton has proved it in "Preaching in New York."

On his return home, a visitor to New York was asked his impressions of the city. He said: "I was there on business. I spent my time either in offices and my hotel or in the subway between them. Mine was only a worm's-eye view." Dr. Newton's view is from above—not below. "A soul's-eye view of the city" might be not inaptly used as a sub-title for the book. It is the work of one who is of the city, a part of its life, yet who is able to effect a mental escape from its noise and confusion to dwell in the House of the Interpreter and look on from the heights of spiritual vision and understanding.

His first picture of New York is that of the average visitor from foreign shores. "Lady Liberty" and the sky-line are paid their tribute of wonder and admiration, then when the sharp contrast between London and New York has faded from his thought, he is the tourist from America's hinterland walking up Broadway at night, the jaws of his mind agape, fascinated, almost bewildered, by the rushing traffic, the Babel of tongues, and the glitter of lights. His, too, was the experience of all of us who have walked this kaleidoscopic two-mile stretch—the sad awakening to the revelation of the light of the morning, Broadway without her cosmetics.

Nothing particularly new so far, but from this point Dr. Newton leaves the track which his predecessors have taken and gives in these excerpts from his diary, in place of topography and statistics, the play and working of his thoughts as they are affected by the multifarious events and incidents in which he participates as actor or spectator.

He records events not as a mere observer who would present a picture in one dimension of his time, but tries to interpret their meaning, their underlying significance, their promise of good or their threat of evil. By suggestion rather than direct statement he makes us see the menace of the "melting pot that does not melt," religious warfare, racial antagonism, the decline of faith and the growth of materialism. The remedies he points out in the sermon which ends the book—racial fraternity, religious unity and spiritual vision and aim.

The high lights of the book are found in the writer's contacts and associations with outstanding

*Preachng in New York. By Joseph Fort Newton.

personalities. His comments on preachers are notably interesting. He is a preacher who finds as much joy in hearing others preach as in hearing himself. Would that we all could have as appreciative hearers or be worthy of such appreciation as Dr. Newton shows for so many he has heard. There is Dean Brown of Yale, from whom he went away "all set up for the week"—please note, not "upset;" Dr. Fosdick, who uses "jeweled phrases with inevitable ease;" Rabbi Wise—"a joy to hear him;" Dr. Coffin, who "thinks like a statesman and preaches like a prophet;" Dr. Jefferson, "one of the noblest of orators;" Dr. Fitch, "moves me as few living preachers." Here speaks one not as a preacher among his peers, but an eager heart and open mind athirst for truth listening with the fresh enthusiasm of the novice.

Other notable personalities pass before us in these vivid pages: Edwin Markham, who "joins the joy of youth without its silliness and the wisdom of ages without its weariness;" James Huneker—"listening to him is like riding an express train through a multicolored tanglewood."

Dr. Newton refers little to his own preaching, but one brief word of confession makes him kin to all preachers, and across the gulf between Squedunk and New York hand clasps hand in sympathetic understanding. "My sermon to-day simply did not go. Something was wrong. Water in the carbureter, the spark dead, or something else. It was a fairly good sermon, and not ill considered, but it had no life, no fire, no power. When that is so, preaching is the hardest work on earth. The wind bloweth where it listeth; but it was calm to-day and the oars were heavy." We call you "Brother."

The temptation to quote is almost irresistible, but one must stop unless he reproduce the book. It is so rich, so fine, so varied in its content that it forbids succinct characterizations. It is a miscellany on a single thread. It should not be read at a sitting. The transitions are often abrupt and the new departure at such an acute angle that it is difficult to adjust one's mental gears to the new movement. It should be read between pauses, long enough for meditation. Each paragraph, each day's story, contains enough to warrant reflection. One does not ordinarily pass from the funeral of a tenement child to the cacophanies of Coney Island—so dream a while and think a while before you go on. You are reading a diary, not a novel.

Where all is so good and so beautifully written one hesitates to criticise, but one who reads much of Dr. Newton finds himself at times wishing that he would put at least a temporary end to what our mutual friend Edgar Dewitt Jones has termed "verbal love affairs" with the words "haunting," "wistful" and "winsome." They are beautiful words and Dr. Newton uses them beautifully, but they ought to be given a respite.

The book deserves an index. It is dedicated to Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, Dr. Newton's predecessor. The references in the book to the Church of the Divine Paternity and to the organ master are of special interest and appeal to those who have known them by happy association in the past.

The Price of Milk

B. A. Mead

THIS is a short study in co-operation.

Since the first of the year there has been quite a drop in the retail price of milk in New England, over which there has doubtless been much rejoicing by consumers. But the producers view the incident from a different angle. The dairymen have been troubled for some time by a surplus production which in various ways has interfered with a remunerative return. Through co-operative organization and in other ways they have been striving to solve the problem.

In the midst of their strivings a chain store system controlling several hundred stores, and likely to control as many more in the near future, made a deal with a group of farmers in western New England for a milk supply, and proceeded to sell bottled milk over the counter four cents a quart cheaper than the milk companies were charging for milk delivered to consumer. It was as good milk as was being delivered. The producers who furnished it were paid a price that apparently was satisfactory, and through the economies which such stores can practise they were able to sell milk at ten cents a quart. These stores were benefiting the consuming public. In order to meet the competition of these stores and other independent groups, the milk producers association which controls a large part of the supply of delivered milk had to cut the wholesale price. Since last December there has been a decline from 9 1-2 to 6 cents a quart for milk in bulk delivered in Boston. There has been a proportionate cut in other cities. Consequently there are many farmers to-day who are receiving less than 4 cents a quart for milk, while the average cost of producing and shipping to Boston is figured by experts to be 8.54 cents.

Late in March, while the farmers were holding conferences looking toward a larger association, one that would control a larger percentage of the supply, and were studying how to eliminate some of the unnecessary costs of distribution, the milk wagon drivers of Greater Boston struck for higher pay. Probably it was a strategic move to prevent a reduction, as it was soon settled by the companies guaranteeing the continuance of the present wage of $38 a week—$1,976 a year, a little over $5 a day for handling 250 quarts of milk daily. The price of milk delivered at the homes in Boston is 12 cents a quart during April.

The producers in New York State have been having an experience very similar, and by some this price cutting is regarded as a squabble among the producers. Persons who look through the spectacles of economics say this is simply an illustration of the working of the law of supply and demand, and competition. Others who believe in the application of

the Golden Rule to business say that when farmer, laborer and capitalist get together in the spirit of true co-operation the adjustment of unbalanced prices will be conducted on the basis of a fair deal for all concerned and not on the basis of benefiting yourself at the expense of some one else. Why should the farmer have to do it all in regard to the price of milk? Approach the problem in the spirit of the Golden Rule and it becomes more of a case of excessive costs of distribution over which the farmer has had no control than a matter of over-production.

There is no actual surplus of milk—nor of wheat—there is more than can be disposed of at a profitable price under the present faulty system of distribution. It is the business of the community to co-operate with the farmer by cutting out the excess in retail prices of all commodities and not expect the farmer to stand all the cutting on his products. The farmer has been trying to reduce his cost of production by increasing the yield per cow, per flock of hens, per acre, by co-operative organization and by various economies. What has the community done for him? His costs of transportation have been increased; he has had to pay more for labor; the price of every utensil needed in the milk production and of every implement needed in farming has nearly doubled; he has to pay from fifty to one hundred per cent more for every manufactured article he buys, while the return from his products has increased only a small per cent. This is not fair to the farmer and it is an injury to the community. Give the farmer a fair exchange for his products and his buying capacity enlarges, and he increases the number of workmen in factory and mill.

The various industrial groups are complementary members of one industrial body, not competitive units. There is a right way of doing things built into the foundations of society by its Maker and this way is illuminated by the spirit of the Golden Rule.

* * *

SHELTON OF TIBET*

SHELTON of Tibet was a medical missionary who was shot by robbers on the highway between Batang and Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, Feb. 16, 1922, and died the next day. He was a missionary of the Christian (Disciples) Church. Perhaps he had better be called Shelton of the Borderland, for he did his work on the borderland between western China and Tibet, dealing now with Chinese, now with Tibetans, and then with the governors and armies on both sides of the line. He never really penetrated Tibet, and Dr. McGovern in his lectures asserts that he was killed making the attempt.

His wife lived on this borderland with him from 1903, when they went out, until he lost his life.

She writes the story of his life. It is well done. She uses some words we would not use, like grand in "a grand place for meditation," applied to a tiny island, but she was married to a real man and she shared thrilling experiences, and she sets them down appreciatively and without boasting. She writes, of course, under the shadow of a terrible bereavement which threatened to prostrate her, but which she staggered through.

As to "Shelton of Tibet" we advise every one to read it. To be Universalist we must have something of a world view and this book helps us get it.

Mission Circles will find the book of value and it is admirable for supplementary reading during the next year when the Circles are to study China. No one thing stands out more vividly than the contrast between the wretched superstitious medical practises of the Tibetans and Chinese and the up to date scientific practise of men like Dr. Shelton.

Dr. Shelton did not take the shortest journey without finding all kinds of calls for his services.

Going up the long rivers, "always and every day he was out among the men, some with crushed arms and broken bones and sore feet following the boat all day for the pittance of cash that would be theirs at night."

A Chinese doctor tells a girl she must cut out a piece of her liver to save her sick father, and she does. A German surgeon happens along just in time to save her life.

A Chinese mother gave too much milk for her baby and the baby vomited. The mother wanted it stopped. The baby wasn't ill but the older sister went to a Chinese doctor for a draft of scorpions and when he took it the baby died.

Traveling among robber tribes, captured by bandits, furloughs in the States, long journeys to the far interior of China, slow grappling with superstition, fear and disease, great courage, good cheer, love of wife and children, and then quick death at the turn of the road—this is the record of Shelton of Tibet as told by his wife.

The book is not a great biography, but it is a story of a great and noble life. The book itself is full of color and worth reading.

* Shelton of Tibet. By Flora Beal Shelton (Mrs. A. L. Shelton). Geo. H. Doran Co.: New York. Price $2 net.

* * *

THE FINAL HARMONY

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I would like some light concerning the Universalist belief. I know the Creed, but just how is the final harmony of all souls to be brought about, and what part of the Bible teaches that?

As a child I joined the Universalist Church, but later joined the Reformed Church, but I hardly know now just how I stand because I can not truly believe that God will punish by everlasting fire as so many seem to think.

Mrs. Percy R. Van Riper.
Hawthorne, N. Y.

We have sent you Universalist literature by mail. Our faith in the final harmony rests on our faith that God is Infinitely strong and Infinitely good. He can save all men and He wants to save all men. To do it He will have to use punishment here and hereafter, but it is punishment given in love and for a purpose.

The Bible teaching about God reaches its highest level in the teaching of Jesus.

He reveals God as a Father. The Parables of the Lost Sheep, the Lost Piece of Silver and the Prodigal Son show God to be One who seeks us. We believe

that God is like Jesus—wise, loving, able. No wise, good, able God will either annihilate His children or punish them for all eternity.

There are many other passages in the New Testament which teach universal salvation, like "For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved and to come into the knowledge of the truth." 1 Tim. 2 : 3-4. Nothing can separate us from the love of God. Romans 8 : 38-39.

The usual Bible passage quoted to bolster up faith in everlasting hell is, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." The best Greek scholarship says that the Greek word does not mean everlasting, or time without end, in the original, but simply means punishment of the most searching and effective kind conceivable.

Very few people really believe in endless punishment. More think they do until some one they love comes under its shadow. An increasing number in all Churches take the view that God is just, and God is good, and we can put our trust in Him.

With this faith, Universalists believe in a more terrible, unescapable punishment for sin than the Orthodox.

Nobody can bear it for us. What we sow we reap. Therefore it behooves us to live right and make everybody else obey God's laws of righteousness.

* * *

MORE ABOUT BEING FAIR

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

In re your comments under head "be fair" in current issue. Query:

Just what do you mean by the "greater Democratic leaders?" Do you mean Underwood and his friends? Underwood is no more of a Democrat than Daugherty or Wadsworth or Mr. Lodge.

It is a hard matter to be fair to everybody. We naturally are biased by our point of view. Mine is what I believe to be genuinely democratic—equal rights to all and special privilege to none; and we have gotten a long way away from that state of things in this country.

Don't you think that is the right ideal and do you think Mr. Coolidge believes in that sort of thing? If so point out some evidence of it in his moves since his election to the Vice Presidency.

F. P. J.

St. Augustine, Florida.

* * *

THE APOSTLES' CREED

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Could you tell me where I may obtain a statement of Universalist faith?

Does the Universalist Church use the Apostles' Creed at all, or ignore it, or reject it?

J. A. Derome.

Sioux Falls, S. D.

The Universalist Church has a Profession of Faith, which has been mailed to you, and which appears each week in the *Leader*. In this Profession is a liberty clause asserting that neither this nor any other form of words is required for membership in the Universalist Church.

The Universalist Church takes no official position on the Apostles' Creed. It recognizes it as one of the great outstanding statements of faith, interesting both historically and for the substance of what it contains. We do not accept it, reject it or ignore it, as a creed. Several of our ministers have lately preached sermons on it. We don't take it or any other one form of words as a final and complete statement of the growing faith of a growing race. As a great Orthodox leader remarked lately: "All we know about the Apostles' Creed is that the Apostles got along very well without it."

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Washerwoman

I called upon a Lady, and I found her working at her Wash-tub. And she would have wiped her hands and sat down and talked with me, but I knew that her Suds were hot, and she would make better progress if she went on while she visited with me. So I encouraged her to keep on with her work. And as she worked she talked with me.

And she said, I have to work hard, but I thank my God that I am able to do it. And I rejoice that I have work that taketh me not into the market place, but leaveth me at mine Home, where I can prepare lunch for the children when they come from school at noon, and receive them again when they come home at night.

And I said, Is not washing very heavy work?

And she said, I know not that it is any harder than other things, and it payeth me a good living. Yea, and I distribute it through the week so that I work not more hours in any day than I am able to do and care for my children, and I have the house in good shape, and my own dress changed when they come home from school.

And she said, It seemed very hard when Jim died, and left me this little home, and four small children. And I had relatives who wanted me to let them take the children, that I might be free to work in an Office, and take care of myself. But I would not have it so. For these are mine own children and the children of Jim, and I am to rear them faithfully and well.

And I saw and beheld that mother love had sweetened the burden of Sacrifice, and that her devotion to her offspring had made her lot not one of bondage but of content.

And I said, How fareth it with thy faith?

And she said, I have never been able to formulate my Faith. Only this I know, that while I toil I pray and sing, and I know that the love of God is able to make me strong, and to send me singing to my task.

Now that evening I came by that way, and I saw her and her children together. And she laughed with them, and walked with them, and if she was weary she did not show it. And her clothes were upon the line, and she had put on a clean gown, and her heart was as the heart of one of her children.

And I considered this as I went on, and I counted her among the Rich Women of mine acquaintance. For she hath her Home and her Children, and her Work, and her Strength sufficient for her need. And she hath a Faith which she hath never had time to formulate, but which sendeth her singing at her work.

* * *

AN EXCUSABLE ERROR

The story, says the *Argonaut*, described its heroine as a dumpling sort of woman. The teacher paused and asked for a description of a woman of that kind.

"She would be rather tall and thin," suggested a pupil. The teacher thought the child was teasing, and looked angry. "No, she snapped, "the lady would be short and plump—like a dumpling."

"Oh, yes," said the youngster with relief, "I was thinking of a noodle."

Home and Children

EASTER AT THE DOOR

Known by many a sweet foretoken,
Many an age-long pledge unbroken;
By the silver slant of showers,
Peeping up from friendly flowers;
By the river all aquiver with the little rippling waves,
By the sod that groweth greener on God's acre, thick with graves;
Known by many a sign and token,
Many a thrill of life unspoken,
Lo! we greet love's purest angel!
Here is Easter at the door.

Where the seeds in darkness burrow,
Where the grain is in the furrow,
There hath been Divinest keeping!
Waking ever follows sleeping.
And for them who dread the morrow, aching for the voice grown dumb,
God lays up surcease of sorrow in the endless days to come.
Pain is brief, joy lasteth longer,
Death is strong, but life is stronger,
Lo! we greet love's mystic angel!
Here is Easter at the door.

Half have we forgot the measure
Of the dancing foot of pleasure,
Walked with pace grown slow and laggard,
Worn the face care-lined and haggard,
Spring itself rebukes us, bringing tonic for the heavy mood,
Stirs us to the lilt of singing with its ichor in our blood.
Love unbars the doubter's prison,
Faith assures us "Christ is risen!"
Lo! we greet life's happiest angel!
Here is Easter at the door.

Margaret E. Sangster.

* * *

EASTER DRAGON FLIES

Rose Brooks

DAVID MARTIN, following as usual at Uncle Ben's heels as close as a little shadow, half closed his brown eyes and from under the brim of his wide straw sun-hat looked at the wide field of Easter lilies stretched before him. "Every leaf shines as if we'd washed 'em all this morning," he remarked prosaically, though any discerning eye could see that the beauty spread lavishly under the blue Bermuda sky was not lost upon him. "See 'em shine, Uncle Ben! And buds! My gracious, must be millions! Aren't you glad you came here to live, Uncle Ben? Aren't you glad you decided to have an Easter lily farm, Uncle Ben? Goodness me, I'm glad you did, and that you sent for me to make you a visit. You said in your letter to Mother that I'd be a help, and that I'd lose all my cold. Course I lost my cough much as two weeks ago, but if Mother knows I'm a help—"

Uncle Ben, stopping in the shade of a friendly acacia, smiled down upon his favorite small nephew. "Such a help," he assured David, gravely, "that I don't see how I can think of running the place without you. Of course I know I'll have to in the end, but I wrote your mother I couldn't spare you for several weeks yet. I had her answer this morning."

"And she said"—prompted David. "Course it is a long time since I've seen my mother and father," he added unexpectedly.

"She said to keep you at least till the Easter rush was over, and then, perhaps—now mind, she didn't promise—perhaps she and your father could take a run down and get you."

David capered like a puppy. "She never says p'raps till she's 'bout sure," he caroled. "O Uncle Ben, isn't it just great when everything's just perfect!" And with a sigh of supreme content David threw himself stomach down on the ground, shook off his hat, and propped his head on two cupped hands, that his eyes might feast on the shining leaves of the thousands of Easter-lily plants that stood in long straight rows the whole long beautiful length of the field. Uncle Ben, sitting beside him, looked fully as contented as David.

"Course I've seen Easter lilies every year in the florists' windows," said David, presently—"whole windows full of 'em. And everybody stops and looks at 'em, and lots go in and buy 'em for Easter. Look fine, too, the windows, till you see a whole field like this. Guess I'm the only boy in my room at school who's seen a field of 'em. They do mean Easter—the lilies, I mean—more'n anything else does, don't they. Uncle Ben? Gracious, look at the buds!"

"Busy time every minute now till all these plants are landed at their destinations," said Uncle Ben. "Do look pretty fine, don't they? Mean Easter? Yes, to most people, I suppose they are symbols of Easter more than anything else is."

"Not everybody?" questioned David. "Guess they mean Easter to you, a whole field of 'em!"

"Yes," said Uncle Ben. "I suppose there's nothing lovelier in the world than this field, a little later, but I—well—sometimes I screen off one corner of the pond for a little Easter of my own."

"The pond! Way off where you can't even see the lily field!" David sat straight in amazement.

"That's what I've got the rake for, this morning," said Uncle Ben. "We're headed for the pond now. I have some fine wire netting down there in the little tool-house."

"I do wish I knew what you were talking about!" said David, pulling on his hat, and leading the way, even the lily-field for the moment forgotten.

Arrived at the pond, Uncle Ben deftly fenced off one small corner with the wire netting, sinking it well into the soft mud as he worked. "There, now for the rake," and, as David instantly supplied it to his hand, he went on, "Not much to see this morning, I admit, but you wait a little while," and so saying fell busily to work, raking up the mud and carefully picking from it wholly uninteresting-looking little brown objects, which he carefully put into his fenced corner. "Now they'll stay in this corner, where we can keep an eye on them."

"You said it was your Easter," reminded David, wholly interested and wholly mystified.

"I did," agreed Uncle Ben. "It's my Easter, whether it happens just on Easter Day or a few days before or a few days after."

"Did it—the thing you mean—ever happen just on Easter? Did you see it your own self?"

"Yes."

"Do you think it will this year?"

"I hope so."

"I'll see it with you?"

"Of course. I want you to. That's why I'm telling you about it."

"The lilies will all be gone—north—by Easter Day?"

"Yes, except those we shall keep for ourselves."

"Are we going to church on Easter?"

"Yes, we'll motor to church in the morning."

"And then we'll come down here to the pond?"

"Yes, in the afternoon, right after dinner."

"Uncle Ben, aren't you going to tell me what it is till Easter Day? How'll I ever wait all that time?"

"It is quite a wait for one of your years," admitted Uncle Ben, "but this time I'm adamant. Oh, you'll survive. Think what busy farmers we'll have to be between now and then."

Just as Uncle Ben had planned, so it happened on Easter Day. After a midday dinner the two strolled to the pond, Uncle Ben serene as ever, David afire with impatience.

"I don't see a thing," said David, first to arrive. "Not a single thing that's different, I mean."

Uncle Ben stooping over the plants and grasses that grew around his fenced-in-corner, suddenly gave a low whistle of pleasure. "Aha! some little outgrown bodies already left behind!" he said softly. "Now let's look sharp! Here, David, quick! Here on this stem! Save your questions till later, and watch with all your eyes!"

"This brown bug?" began David, incredulous, but Uncle Ben stopped him short, whispering in his eagerness. "Yes, that brown bug, as you call him. Watch him every second, and see what he'll change into!"

Even as he spoke, the brown little object under their eyes split slowly down the whole length of its back, and what do you suppose came out? A lovely winged thing, poised ready to fly over the smooth pond and up toward the sky on gauzy wings which matched the sky itself in color.

"Why—out of that little brown cover!" gasped David.

"See!" Uncle Ben was still whispering in his intentness as he pointed at the fragile blue wings shimmering over the pond. "Our Easter dragon-fly."

(*All rights reserved.*)

* * *

NEW WOMEN, OLD STYLE

It has remained for the income-tax collector to remind us that matriarchy is by no means extinct in New York City. The head of a family, in the common acceptance, is a citizen in trousers bearing the responsibilities of husband and father. But Collector Frank K. Bowers pointed out the other day that, according to the income-tax returns for the year 1921, more than 100,000 women in the lower Manhattan district paid income tax as "heads of families," by reason of their support in one household of one or more relatives. This does not refer to widows who by the ingenuities of the law are classified as "single women," along with married women living apart from their husbands, and with unmarried women whose income is devoted to their own purposes. The woman head of a family, under the law, would be, in the vast majority, the unmarried woman whose earnings go to support incapacitated fathers, mothers left unprovided for, or orphaned brothers and sisters.

The self-supporting unmarried woman has become a commonplace of modern economic life. Much less attention has been directed to the unmarried woman who carries on her shoulders the support of others. Her numbers, if the figures for one Manhattan district are a criterion, would run close to a quarter of a million in New York City alone. For the country as a whole, she must be more than a million, allowing for the greater amount of self-supporting womanhood in the big cities. It is a reproach to the new American fiction that for all the novelist's absorption with the "new" woman in economics, sociology and morals he should have left it for the internal revenue statistician to emphasize the role played by the new woman who is still the old woman; she is the unmarried woman who has moved all the way from her historic dependence on the male of her blood to the extreme of extending support to her kin, male and female. This unmarried woman of to-day is new in her economic freedom but old in her responsibilities. With motherhood denied her, she is engaged in mothering an army of dependents.

Opposition to the principle of equal pay for equal work has largely stressed the argument that the woman wage earner is in the first place an impermanent worker and in the second place has smaller claims upon her. But we now have the figures to show that not all unmarried women in gainful occupations look forward to marriage as an escape, and that not all unmarried women have the free disposal of their earnings for their personal satisfactions. If to the more than 100,000 woman heads of families in one Manhattan district who pay income tax we add the women whose earnings fall below the legal requirement for filing an income-tax return, we obviously have a large wage-earning population that can not so easily be dismissed with the thought that it is not worth while bothering about a temporary problem to which marriage is the real answer.

In any case there is reassurance in the income-tax figures for the social moralists who have been worrying about what the new woman is doing to our established ethics and customs. The emancipation of the sex has been not entirely in the direction of revolt, cigarettes and cosmetics. Against the revenues of the beauty shops and the milliners we must set up the more than ten million dollars collected in 1921 from women engaged in supporting one or more dependents "in one household."—*New York Times.*

* * *

THE WAY THEY COME IN

A well-known newspaper quotes Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter's remark that she "can not understand why characters that would not be admitted to a home in person on any consideration should be allowed to enter there between book covers." The editor's rejoinder is, "And yet Mrs. Porter would hardly go so far as to keep the Bible out of her home because it contains a Judas and a Herod." And the editor puts a caption on the item: "Also There Is Shakespeare."

But it makes all the difference in the world how the bad characters are introduced within book covers. The Bible does tell about Judas and Herod, about Peter's fall and David's wickedness, but in such a way that every reader shudders at the awfulness of sin, and strives the more manfully to avoid it. Shakespeare does not lead us to love Iago and imitate Othello, but to scorn lies and avoid jealousy. The characters in modern fiction to which Mrs. Porter rightly objects are presented in such wise as to make virtue displeasing and vice attractive. The pretended dullness and monotony of goodness are set forth and hypocrisies are attributed to it, while evil is tricked out in brave apparel and struts about the stage with a confident swagger. Lovely girls are made to swear, brilliant women are made to smoke and gamble, dashing adventurers souse themselves in wine and brandy and rake in their millions. This is distant from Shakespeare and the Bible by the width of a universe, even if the newspaper wits have not found it out.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Young People's Christian Union

Conducted by Granville Hicks

REORGANIZING THE UNION

More or less has been written about the two sets of topics to be prepared for next year. It might be well to have it clearly understood why this is to be done. The Executive Board, meeting in Cincinnati, agreed that the Union should be divided into three groups: Juniors—nine to thirteen; Intermediates—fourteen to sixteen; Seniors—seventeen to twenty-five.

Naturally it is not expected that this standard can be followed in every case, but it is hoped that so far as possible a division will be made on this basis. Departmental work will be planned with this arrangement in mind, and devotional topics, as has already been said, have been divided into two groups, making with the Junior topics three sets in all.

No attempt has been made to organize an Intermediate Department as such, although there are already several local groups. Such groups will determine for themselves whether they prefer to be considered as Junior or Senior Unions, and their dues and representation will be decided accordingly. An Intermediate Department seems to be needed if we are to conduct the Union upon sound educational principles and not bring together groups whose members are too widely dissimilar in age, but we do not want to rush into the matter hastily.

New Junior Superintendents

The reorganization of the Junior Union in accordance with these plans was hastened by the resignation of Miss Ruth Downing after several years of faithful service. The amount of work for which the superintendent had become responsible was so great that it was decided to secure assistants, one to care for the work of missionary education in the Junior Union, the other to be in charge of the Junior Legion of the Cross. It is along these lines that the reorganization has taken place.

The new general superintendent is Miss Edna Bruner of Ruthven, Ontario. Miss Bruner, who is a senior in high school, plans to attend Lombard College next year to study for the Universalist ministry. She is an experienced worker with Junior Unions, and understands the practise as well as the theory of working with boys and girls of junior age.

Assisting Miss Bruner and in charge of missionary education is Miss Dorothy Cooper, a Wellesley sophomore, and up until two years ago a diligent worker in the Union at St. Paul's on the Midway, Chicago. There she served for one year as superintendent of the Junior Union, a position which she capably filled.

Mrs. Edith Payson, Miss Bruner's other assistant, has not only had experience with the Junior Union in Quincy, but has also been superintendent of Junior Unions in Massachusetts. In both jobs she has shown her ability and her fitness for the work she is now to do.

All in all, the Union is fortunate to secure such able workers for the Junior Union. Always a most important part of Union activity, Junior work has sometimes been neglected. Now, with three capable Unioners in charge, there is no question that rapid progress will be made. Within the last two months more than half a dozen new Junior Unions have been reported. The department should continue its advance.

* *

FERRY BEACH ISSUES

While the inspirational, educational, and recreational aspects of a Y. P. C. U. convention are constantly emphasized, it remains true that the reason for having a convention is to conduct business. At the convention itself this is never forgotten. Visitors are continually being struck by the able way in which official sessions are conducted, the pertinency of the debate from the floor, and the good judgment shown in the reports of committees. Conventions show the young people as thoughtful, business-like, and constructive.

The defect which is always most noticeable at convention is lack of previous thought on important issues. In a majority of cases the delegates make their decisions with no more on which to base their judgment than what they have learned at the convention. Delegates are seldom instructed by their Unions, and it is rare enough that Unions even discuss the problems in advance.

It would be unfair to blame the young people too much for their deficiencies in this respect, for one is willing to wager that there are more young people interested in and acquainted with what their organization is doing than there are church members who can talk intelligently about the plans of the General Convention. But this is no excuse for the Unioners. We must have thought out our problems before we go to Ferry Beach if we are to find there satisfactory solutions for them.

The first problem naturally relates to the matter of a director. The resignation of Mr. Manning has thrown wide open the question of our policy next year. As has been stated elsewhere, the office of director was created five years ago to meet an emergency. It has succeeded in that task and the Union is now upon a firm basis. Some believe that a director should be secured for next year; others disagree. The former point to the success of Mr. Manning in organizing new Unions, and ask how field work and the general task of co-ordination are to be carried on without a director. The latter attempt to offer solutions for the difficulties raised, and argue that under ordinary circumstances the Union offers better training to its members in proportion to the independence it gives them. The question is highly involved and one that should not be settled without long deliberation. If it is decided to have a director, the problem of selecting the person to fill the position remains. If it is concluded not to have one, ways and means of carrying on the work must be devised. All in all it is a very great problem.

No other question looms as large as this, but there are other matters of importance. The missionary program in Texas should be carefully reviewed. How the Y. P. C. U. is to co-operate with the new secretary of Social Service should be discussed. Departmental matters to be considered include the Legion Race, the Comrades of the Quiet Hour, and the department of recreation.

In each case the more thought spent in advance the better the decisions will be. And there is another matter which can not be definitely formulated as an issue, but which is nevertheless of great importance. Last year, during the Y. P. C. U. Institute at Ferry Beach, a conference was held for the discussion of a program for the organization. A deal of hard thinking was done that afternoon, and though there were no results that could be put on paper every one present felt that the young people were nearing an answer to their central problem. This year it remains to turn that nebulous something into a concrete statement of purpose. This is the challenge of Ferry Beach in 1924.

For the Quiet Hour

Every kindness done to others in our daily walk, every attempt to make others happy, every prejudice overcome, every truth more clearly perceived, every difficulty subdued, every sin left behind, every temptation trampled under foot, every step forward in the cause of good, is a step nearer to the life of Christ, through which only death can be really a gain to us.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.

* *

The whole history of the Christian life is a series of resurrections. Every time a man bethinks himself that he is not walking in the light, that he has been forgetting himself, and must repent; that he has been asleep and must awake; that he has been letting his garments trail, and must gird up the loins of his mind; every time this takes place there is a resurrection in the world. Yes, every time that a man finds his heart is troubled, that he is not rejoicing in God, a resurrection must follow; a resurrection out of the night of troubled thoughts into the gladness of truth.

George MacDonald.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

AN OPPORTUNITY

Mr. Canfield's recent report gives the following interesting items:

"We are greatly elated that $50 can be turned in for support of preaching from Greensboro. I do not know how recent a report you may have had of Greensboro affairs, but at the risk of repeating, I will go into some recent history of our work here.

"In February a situation arose in reference to the little hall we were occupying that made the further retention of it absolutely out of the question. I made a frantic search of the city for another meeting place and finally secured a lodge hall at half the rent we had been paying and the location practically as good as the other hall. It will seat two hundred people and has good light and ventilation through windows on two sides. The stairway leading up one flight to the hall is conveniently wide and there is opportunity to stand announcement boards either side of the entrance. We occupied the hall during all of March and are quite reconciled with the change. Just at present our cause seems to be on a secure basis here so far as meeting our expenses goes.

"Rather recently several students from the North Carolina College of Women have been attending services. This opens our eyes to the fact that the near by presence of 1,400 students in that institution furnishes the very finest opportunity to get our truth before many of these young people who in the years to come will be influential citizens in the communities where they may locate. I tell you, I look longingly at a vacant corner lot across from one end of the college grounds. What a fine place to put a chapel from which our message should be reaching the inquiring and receptive minds of these bright young women! Just to establish in such a chapel a college pulpit with a mission chiefly to the students would be worth to civilization a hundred times more than it would cost our denomination. The lot I speak of is on the street car line and, though some distance from the business center, is in a residential section.

"I think it is tremendously worth while to hold on to Greensboro, but I realize that it is at the expense of the two Kinston districts—a Sunday a month from the southern, and two Sundays a month from the northern. Just now Greensboro has a preacher every Sunday, three different preachers taking their turn. But there is prospect that Dr. Vining, one of the three, will not be in Greensboro another year. If he goes away, that will put us up against a hard situation again We should be planning with all our might to put a man in at Rocky Mount in the fall. I believe the friends there are ready to build any time they can be assured of a pastor, but they see no use in having a church if they can not have a pastor.

"With regard to Durham, it is my judgment at the present time that we should hang on, believing that the time will come when we can place an able man there who can shepherd that little group and hold a service once every Sunday at Chapel Hill, twelve miles away, where 1,700 young men and women are attending the State University, and establish a college pulpit there as we want to here.

"I have, I think, reported having organized a Bible Study Class at Wilson, with which I meet once a month on my way from Greensboro to Rocky Mount. I have a similar class in Rocky Mount and there is prospect that I may form one at Durham.

"Let us believe we can have at least one more worker in the North Carolina field next fall and bend our energies to bring to pass that needed aid to our work. I believe more and more in the North Carolina work, especially as I contemplate getting our truth across to the youth in the two colleges mentioned. This will always be more or less of a missionary field, but the opportunity for service to humanity is of the first magnitude."

The above report speaks volumes. Will you help make it possible to grasp the opportunities offered?

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

FERRY BEACH AS PLANNED

Inquiries are reaching our office in regard to a change of date for the Ferry Beach Convention. There will be no change. At one time there was some discussion about the matter but it has now been decided to hold all the conventions and institutes on the dates originally announced. The General Sunday School Association will begin on Sunday, July 6.

* *

LOOKING IN AND LISTENING IN

Thoughts and Deeds of a Sunday School Itinerant

Pretty soon I am going to California. I tell my friends that I am going out to swing for a while on the Golden Gate and if possible to bring home a few of the pickets. As a matter of fact this trip will not be one of the "junkets," which some dear folks imagine we travelers enjoy, I shall have but nineteen days from Boston to Boston and I shall be busy at my table every day that I am crossing the continent. I expect to preach in Chicago, Santa Paula and Denver, to attend the California Convention, to inspect Carl Henry's new and imposing edifice, and to hold conferences with several groups of local officers and teachers. I leave on the first of May and get back in time for the Massachusetts Convention.

. . . .

Up at Livermore Falls, in Maine, I had the honor of giving the address at the close of the Community School of Religious Education, which has been conducted by all the Protestant churches of the village. Brother Gould, our efficient pastor, has had a class in Sunday school administration and has won the respect of all his associates. The Universalist school was well represented in all the courses and has greatly profited

. . . .

Here is a happy sign of the times: a large number of young men, of winning personality, high character and first rate ability, are assuming leadership in our Sunday schools—men like Bailey, of Cortland, New York, Murray of Livermore Falls, Me., and Emerton, of Lawrence, Mass. A superintendent of this class said to me the other night, "I never thought much about this matter of religious education until lately; I just dodged it like the other fellows; the Sunday school drifted along; and then I happened to think about my own boys coming along here and of what the Sunday school had meant to me when I was developing; and I said that I would take hold and make that school go." He is making it go

. . . .

I have now learned the tactful way to talk to adolescent boys. The other day I had the privilege of preaching in a church of another denomination, one which is everywhere known for its elaborate ritual and its insistence that everything must be done decently and in order. During the Sunday school hour I was more than astonished to hear the superintendent (who was interrupting a class) talk to some of the young fellows who had failed to meet his ideals: "For the love of Mike, what are you guys thinking of? Ain't you got any brains? See how you've marked them books! How would you like it if I marked your pants like that? Now you get a move on! See if you can't come here next Sunday with a little something from your shoulders up!" I wonder how that system of discipline would work in a Universalist Sunday school. I never tried it.

The Wanderer.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Rev. Delmar E. Trout of Springfield, Mass., has been giving a series of Sunday morning Lenten sermons on "The Seven Last Words" of Jesus and a series of Tuesday evening services on "The Bible."

Rev. Clarence E. Rice, D. D., represented the Universalist General Convention at a hearing before the Joint Committees of Congress in behalf of an "Adequate Chaplain Ministry without Discrimination for Men of the Army and Navy."

Rev. Samuel Gilbert Ayres, D. D., and family sailed from Kobe, Japan, April 6, and will reach the United States *via* Europe the latter part of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L Sweet of Attleboro, Mass., are returning next week from a cruise of the Mediterranean and a visit to the countries adjacent thereto. They made a ten day motor trip through northern Africa and a visit to the Second Cataract of the Nile.

Rev. Fred A. Moore preached at the noon-day service at Keith's Theater April 8 an eloquent and effective sermon on "The Power of Christ," holding the close attention of a large audience.

Mrs. Stella Marek Cushing furnished violin music at the service at Keith's Theater at which Mr. Moore poke.

Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson, D. D., of Worcester will speak in Cincinnati, O., for the Christ Crusade the week after Easter, including Sunday, April 27.

Rev. U. S. Milburn of Everett is giving with great success in various churches his lecture "My Impressions of the Passion Play."

Principal Lyman Ward of the Southern Industrial Institute, Camp Hill, Ala., addressed the Rhode Island Conference of Universalists at Providence April 10 and preached in the Congress Square Church, Portland, Me., April 13.

District of Columbia

Washington.—Rev. C. E. Rice, D. D., pastor. Rev. Hazel I. Kirk made a deep impression by an address upon "Japan and the Japan Mission," in our church here April 8. All the organizations of the parish united in giving a 25 cent supper which brought out a large and representative attendance. In the opinion of everybody present, Miss Kirk's tour of Universalist churches is bound to spread accurate information about and arouse interest in our Japanese work. Dr. and Mrs. Rice entertained Miss Kirk, giving a luncheon for her on the day of her arrival.

Florida

De Funiak Springs.—Rev. A. Arnold Rogers, pastor. At the regular Sunday morning service on April 8 resolutions were adopted expressing the regret felt by the people of the church for the death of Rev. Mary L. Hadley, and appreciation of her services while pastor of this church.

Massachusetts

Palmer.—Rev. Warren B. Brigham, pastor. Affairs are literally booming with the church in Palmer. When Mr. Brigham took charge just a year ago, the congregations averaged fifty to sixty. The average for the present year has been 125, with the largest number on any one Sunday 195. On Christmas Sunday sixteen members were received by the church, with three adult baptisms. Five of the sixteen new members were men prominent in the business affairs of Palmer. One of the most successful ventures was a double every-member canvass. Ten auto teams of four persons each made a complete visiting canvass of the parish. Shortly after this was repeated. In this way 270 calls were made. Not only was money solicited, but the indifferent and the discouraged were called upon and told of the promising and encouraging affairs at the church. It was on the following Sunday that a congregation of 195 appeared. Engaged in this missionary endeavor were those who were conservative as well as those who were liberal in their views of a proper church program. As one result of the canvass all have become progressive and doubly loyal to St. Paul's church. At the annual meeting recently held a budget nearly double that of last year was adopted and the amount to cover the budget is subscribed. Palmer has been doing some intensive advertising, and has put $500 for this purpose in its new budget. The minister has a cabinet which meets monthly to formulate policies. This cabinet is made up of the heads of all auxiliary organizations together with the parish clerk and treasurer. A monthly calendar, the "Reminder," has been established. The latest Hymnal of our Church has been supplied to the congregation and the Sunday school has equipped itself with Mrs. Cushing's new song and service book. A new steam heating plant costing $3,300 has been installed and paid for. The outside of the entire building has been renewed. The old paint was scraped off and new paint applied. The finials were gilded. The slates on the roof were repaired, and new glass set. The cost of this work was $3,400 and the bill for the entire amount was taken care of by the energetic young chairman of the trustees, Mr. S. L. Metcalf. The woodwork of the building had not been painted for forty-six years. A new ventilating system has been put in which permits the basement to be used by the Boy and Girl Scouts. The parish house becomes far more useful and attractive. Troop No. 1, Girl Scouts, of forty members has Mrs. Brigham for captain. There is a Brownie Pack of eighteen girls. The Boy Scout Troop has thirty-two members, with twelve Junior boys in Wolf Pack. Now arrangements are going forward for a big Minstrel Show to be presented on April 25 and 26. Mr. Metcalf is furnishing the costumes for the show. The expectation is that this show will produce nearly $1,000 for the church treasury.

Stoughton.—Rev. William P. Farnsworth, pastor. The annual parish meeting was held Tuesday evening, April 1, in the church parlors. Mr. Ellery Perkins Reynolds was elected president of the parish. Mr. Reynolds has been a member of the church for fifty years. His ancestors helped to hew the frame and lay the foundations for the original church building nearly two hundred years ago. Walter P. Goodnow, treasurer, Edward A. Perrin, clerk, and Cleon Fobes and Chester B. Turner, trustees, were all re-elected. A vote of thanks was given Mr. Joseph S. Capen for the memorial fund of $500 given to the church in memory of his sister, Mrs. Hattie M. Jones, and her husband, Mr. Edwin A. Jones, the income to be used for church music. The sum of $400 was added to the pastor's salary. The church building is to be renovated this summer.

Roxbury.—Rev. S. G. Spear, pastor. Mid-week Lenten services have been held with good attendance, and the following outside speakers have assisted the pastor: Rev. B. F. MacIntire of Chelsea, Rev. F. S. Walker of Norwood and Rev. L. L. Lewis of Melrose. The pastor has been giving a series of Lenten sermons on Sunday morning upon the general theme "The School of the Christian Life." The Forum class has had some interesting speakers on many themes. Among the last has been a Catholic layman who gave a very interesting address upon "Catholic Teaching." The Home Department is active, having given a successful entertainment and having held sessions on Sunday afternoon to study the lesson. The Mission Circle is busy reading mission books in the reading contest and interesting the whole parish The young people meet Sunday evening to discuss interesting questions and then attend the evening lectures. Following Easter many events of a social nature are scheduled.

Weymouth, First.— Rev. J. L. Dowson, pastor. The annual parish meeting was held April 1. Reports showed improvement both financial and spiritual. Twelve new members were received into the parish. The minister was unanimously invited to

remain another year, and hearty support pledged for the work. Among the committees appointed was one composed of between twenty and thirty men whose duties are to formulate and execute plans for needed improvements on the church building. This committee met April 9 and decided to proceed at once with these improvements, each man present subscribing his quota to the estimated cost. A thorough canvass will be made in the parish for subscriptions, the committee being divided into squads for the purpose. Three union meetings of the Quincy, North Weymouth and Weymouth churches have been held Sunday evenings during Lent, and have been productive of great good. Large delegations from each church attended and listened to short addresses given by the pastors, Revs. John B. Reardon, John D. Brush, and J. L. Dowson.

Worcester, First.—Rev. V. E. Tomlinson, D. D., pastor. The old organ, which had done duty for fifty years, has recently been rebuilt at an expense of $3 000. It is planned to raise this amount, together with an organ repair fund, in a special Easter offering. The Church Calendar asks for $3,900 from 488 persons. On Thursday evening, April 10, Rev. U. S. Milburn of Everett gave his lecture upon "My Impressions of the Passion Play." Dr. Tomlinson will conduct a week of services in the interest of the Christ Crusade in Cincinnati immediately following Easter. Dr. Lowe will preach in Worcester on April 27.

Saugus.—Rev. E. V. Stevens, pastor. A little church paper entitled 'The Universalist Ladder," edited by Rev. E. V. Stevens and published by Richard Saunders, the live superintendent of the Sunday school, made its appearance on March 29. It is an interesting sheet and must be of great benefit to the work of the church in Saugus. This church is making rapid advancement under the wise leadership of its new minister. The congregations are large, new persons appearing at almost every service. On Easter morning beginning at 4.30 there is to be a very wonderful sunrise service. The Boy Scouts are to arouse the people of the village and escort them to the church. Special services of a memorial character for Rev. Mr. Robie will be held. There will be an Easter service at the steps of our church, with singing by the Girl Scouts. This entire program is being prepared and carried through by Mr. Stevens.

Leominster.—Rev. Isabella S. Macduff, pastor. The Ladies' Circle observed its thirtieth anniversary Thursday evening, April 3, with a banquet to which the members of the parish were invited. It was a joyous occasion and fine reports were made of the progress in recent years of the organization. The president, Mrs. Woodard, has served many years and the treasurer, Mrs. Pratt, has served for twenty even consecutive years. Over ten thousand dollars has passed through her hands and all has gone for the upkeep and support of the church with some mission giving included. The Clara Barton Guild has financed the *Leader* into forty families for the three month period and has given generously to local work and to outside appeals. They observe their second birthday on Easter Monday and plan to make an occasion of it. As the pastor's birthday coincides with the annual meeting of the Circle, the ladies took occasion to make her a beautiful gift. The special Lenten sermons are bringing out the people and causing much favorable comment.

Waltham.—Rev. H. H. Hoyt, pastor. On the evening of Good Friday the usual union communion service was held in our church. Dr. Poland of Asbury Temple was the preacher. Dr. Page assisted the pastor at the communion table. Two deacons from each of the churches uniting served in the communion service.

New York

Lockport.—Rev. Edward Ellis, pastor. Mr. Ellis, who has served the parishes of Lockport and Olcott since last September, was ordained here on the evening of April 8. Rev. L. H. Robinson of Albion conferred the fellowship of the Church upon Mr. Ellis and preached the sermon. The charge to the people was given by Rev. E. C. Downey of Grace Church, Buffalo.

Victor.—On Monday evening, March 31, the people of St. Paul's parish gave a reception to Rev. and Mrs. J. L Everton, who left on Thursday for their new home in Stockton, Ill. After refreshments had been served, S. L. Killam, chairman of the board of trustees, gave Mr. Everton a sum of money from the men of the church. The ladies had previously given Mrs. Everton a set of silver teaspoons.

* *

CAN'T DO WITHOUT THE LEADER

Dear Brother Marshall:

I want you to change my address to —— from —— ——.

I just can't do without it. Have taken it since it was the *Gospel Banner*. Am in my ninetieth year.

Notices

MASSACHUSETTS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

At its meeting of March 31, 1924, the Massachusetts Fellowship Committee authorized the ordination of O. Whitman Eames, pastor-elect of the Taunton Universalist church, William Dawes Veazie, pastor-elect at South Weymouth, and Charles A. Haney, pastor-elect at South Acton.

Harry E. Adams, Secretary.

* *

CONNECTICUT UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The ninety-second annual session of the Connecticut Universalist Convention will be held in the Church of the Redeemer, Hartford, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 14 and 15, 1924. All the friends of the faith in Connecticut are asked to take due notice of the annual gathering of our people and to attend in large numbers.

Theodore A. Fischer, Secretary.

NEW YORK FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Letter of license as minister granted to Nellie Alvord (renewal). Ordination authorized of Charles Clare Blauvelt and Edward Ellis. Accepted on letter of transfer, Rev. E. C. Downey from Massachusetts, and Rev. Harry Adams Hersey from Indiana.

George F. Bowers, Secretary.

* *

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

A letter of dismissal and recommendation has been granted to Rev. Charles Hosea Temple.

Allen Brown, Secretary.

* *

SABBATH SCHOOL UNION

The April meeting of the Sabbath School Union wil. be held at the Winter Hill Universalist Church on April 23, 1924. Directors' meeting at 5.45 p. m. Supper at 6.30. Evening entertainment 7.30.

The program is to be an evening of entertainment given by the Winter Hill people. "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works," "Around the World in Bed," with musical program. This is a change from our regular monthly meeting and we hope all will come.

To reach the church: Take any Broadway car from Sullivan Sq., get off at Dartmouth St., and walk down Thurston St., above Dartmouth.

Please note the change of date from the *third Wednesday* to the *fourth Wednesday*.

* *

ALABAMA FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

A license to preach for one year has been issued to Mr. W. C. Duke of East Tallassee, Ala.

Robert Garner, Secretary.

* *

OLD COLONY ASSOCIATION

The next meeting of the Old Colony Association of Universalists will be held Wednesday, April 23, at Canton.

J. L. Dowson, Secretary.

* *

BOOKS FOR FERRY BEACH

The Ferry Beach Library needs additions of up-to-date modern books on all subjects. The library is housed in the parlor of the Quillen and is available to all summer guests. Gifts of volumes will find ready acceptance.

Communications relative to additions to the Library may be addressed to the Secretary of the Ferry Beach Park Association.

Rev. Elmer D. Colcord,
43 Berkeley St.,
Springfield, Mass.

* *

MAKE YOUR PLANS NOW

Massachusetts State Conventions at Attleboro, May 20, 21 and 22.

Do your share toward contributing to a large attendance with its consequent inspiration, enthusiasm and accomplishment.

Many opportunities for short and delightful auto trips *after* attendance on devotional and business sessions.

None too early to make reservations by communicating with the undersigned.

Harold E. Sweet,
Attleboro, Mass.

Obituary

Mrs. Martha Eugenia Fales

Mrs. Martha Eugenia Fales, widow of the late Charles H. Fales of Meriden, Ct., died April 6, in her eighty-fifth year. She was the daughter of Isaac C. Lewis, one of the founders of the International Silver Company, generous and devoted in the cause of Universalism, and a granddaughter of Noah Pomeroy, who opened his house for the preaching of the first Universalist sermon in Meriden in 1821.

From that day to this, the descendants and connections of Noah Pomeroy have not failed in devotion to our church. His descendants were contributing to the first modest meeting-house in 1860. Mr. Lewis, who married his daughter, gave at least $100,000 to the present magnificent church edifice, erected in 1893. Later, Mrs. Lewis purchased the chimes at a cost of $15,000. Mrs. Kate Chapin, a sister of Mrs. Fales, gave what is still called the finest pulpit in New England. Mrs. Chapin also gave the fine font and added $25,000 to the endowment. Another

descendant of Noah Pomeroy, Mrs. Eugenia Stowe, added many thousands more to the endowment. Descendants of this "first Universalist" gave the great windows of the Sower. Mr. Lewis paid for the organ. Many thousands were given to the General Convention, and to education.

Mrs. Fales received this tradition as a sacred heritage. No one felt more the stewardship of wealth. Few can be said to have purchased so much of lasting good by the wise investment of dollars. She "did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame." While she could not completely cover her constant generosity, she did hide enough to make it impossible to more than estimate her large gifts, which, to an unusual degree, were wise and permanent investments for the good of humanity. For many years, she has every year been buying higher education for from one to three college students, whose bills she met in part or, more often, as a whole, from her income. In addition to which, she subscribed to the endowment funds of Camp Hill, Tufts, and St. Lawrence. The scholarship she endowed at St. Lawrence returns, besides, $200 per year to a candidate chosen by the board of St. Paul's Church. Among her gifts during the past five years were $5,000 for the local Boys' Club, $3,000 for the Washington Church, in the name of St. Paul's Church, and $1,050 for the million dollar drive. She also gave the parsonage. She has been enabled to devote many thousands a year to others, during at least the latter part of her life, because she has lived without ostentation, and because she was, to the last, an excellent business woman.

Greater still was, and will be, the influence of her self-forgetful, wise and devoted life. No pastor ever worked with one more unwilling to dictate in the affairs of a parish, or one more willing to co-operate in its work. She did not claim the privilege of old age to absent herself from the services of the church, but was loyal to the limit of her strength. For over forty years she was treasurer of the Ladies' Circle. Until her death she was the head of the City Mission, and was largely influential in having the large city block given by her father turned over for the use of the various welfare organizations of the city. The people of St. Paul's Church have always loved and honored her for her own sake.

Mrs. Fales was the last survivor of the five heroic women who, fifty years ago, formed the first W. C. T. U. of Meriden. Preparations had been made to do her special honor at the semi-centennial celebration to be held this month.

Of Mrs. Fales' immediate family, Mrs. Theodore Fischer, of New Haven, and Mrs. Henry Doolittle, of Meriden, survive her. She leaves many grandchildren and great-grandchildren. One of these, Mr. Horace Doolittle, is a member of the board of trustees of St. Paul's Church.

The funeral was held at the home in Meriden, April 9, Rev. Henry B. Taylor officiating.

Ansel Briggs

Elm Street Universalist Church, Auburn, Maine, has been called again to surrender one of its old time devoted members, Mr. Ansel Briggs, who at the age of eighty-one, after a life of faithful service, has been called home. Among the many devoted members of this church the Briggs family have stood among the first, and of the long list of those who have gone none were more constant in attendance or loyal in support than this old friend and believer in Universalism. A life-long member of the church, he in his wide business interests proved the faith which was his and lived it to the last. During recent years his sight failed, but never for a moment did his interest in his church flag. As strength failed faith strengthened. Funeral services were held at his home. He leaves a wife and four children who have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends.

G. M. T.

The Biggest Seller in the World

We carry it—The Bible—in every language and binding.

Send for Catalog
Massachusetts Bible Society
41 Bromfield St., Boston

Some Universalist Books

Billy Sunday. The man and method. By F. W. Betts, D. D. 25 cents.

A Brief History of the Universalist Church. For young people. By L. B. Fisher, D. D. 40 cents.

Christian Mysticism and other Essays. By Harry L. Haywood, with portrait. 50 cents.

A California Pilgrimage. A souvenir of the United Universalist Conventions, 1915. By F. A. Bisbee, D. D. Profusely illustrated. 50 cents.

A Commentary on the New Testament. The Universalist interpretation. By L. R. Paige, D. D. 6 vols. $3.60.

Did Jesus Mean It? By Frank D. Adams, D. D. $1.00.

Faith with Power. The life story of Q. H. Shinn, D. D. By Dr. Wm. H. McGlauflin. Illustrated. $1.00.

From Good Luck to Gloucester. The complete story of the great anniversary celebration at Gloucester. A beautiful memorial volume of four hundred pages and more than fifty illustrations. Edited by F. A. Bisbee, D. D. $2.00.

The Goodness of God. In view of the facts of nature and the supernatural. By George T. Knight, D. D. 50 cents.

An Honorable Youth. A helpful and practical book to place in the hands of any young man on the threshold of life. By J. C. Adams, D. D. 75 cents.

Hosea Ballou and the Gospel. By J. C. Adams, D. D. Bound in leather with full page portrait of Dr. Ballou. 50 cents.

Human Destiny as Conditioned by Free Will. A discussion by Lyman Abbott, Eric Waterhouse and Wm. G. Tousey. 30 cents.

John Murray. The Cornerstone of theUniversalist Church. The Life of Murray, by Irene C. Rees. Introduction by F. O. Hall, D. D. Illustrated. $1.00.

A Layman's Religion. By Roger Sherman Galer. $1.00.

Levi Moore Powers. A memorial. $1.00.

Light and Peace. A book of prayers. By C. H. Leonard, D. D. Cloth, 75 cents. Leather, $1.00.

The Leisure of God. Sermons by J. Coleman Adams, D. D. $1.00.

Manna. A brief and simple form of worship for every day in the year. By J. W. Hanson, D. D. $1.00.

Manuals of Faith and Duty. A series of books in exposition of prominent teachngs of the Universalist Church. The titles are "Jesus the Christ," "Revelation," "Salvation," "The Church," "Heaven," "Atonement." Edited by J. S. Cantwell, D. D. 25 cents each.

The Mercy of Hell and other sermons. By J. Fort Newton, D. D. $1.00.

Noble Living. Sermons on practical religion by various writers. 75 cents.

Origin and History of the Doctrine of Endless Punishment. By T. B. Thayer, D. D. 75 cents.

Over the River. A book of consolation for the sick and the bereaved. By T. B Thayer, D. D. 75 cents.

The Papers of John Pererin. By one of the great preachers of our time. $1.00.

The Palace of Mirrors. Cheerful, hopeful and inspiring essays. By Rev. J. F. Thompson. 50 cents.

The Philosophy and Faith of Universalism. By F. W. Betts, D. D. 30 cents.

A Pocket Cyclopedia. Brief explanations of religious terms as understood by Universalists. By J. W. Hanson, D. D. 25 cents.

The S. O. S. Call of Youth. For parents and teachers. By Nellie E. Friend. $1.00.

Short Studies in the Larger Faith. By J. C. Adams, D. D. 30 cents.

Soul and Body. Sermons that are different. By F. O. Hall, D. D. $1.00.

Universalism in the First 500 Years of the Christian Church. With authorities and extracts. By J. W. Hanson, D. D. $1.00.

Universalism Asserted. As the hope of the Gospel on the authority of reason, the Fathers and Scriptures. By Rev. Thomas Allin of England. $1.00.

Universalism in America. A history. By Richard Eddy, D. D., 2 vols. $2.00.

Which Way? A Study of Universalists and Universalism. By L. B. Fisher, D. D. $1.00.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE
176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.
6010 Dorchester Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

CHURCH SUPPLIES

Responsible Houses
and
Reliable Goods

MEMORIAL WINDOWS

ALFRED M. BELL COMPANY

79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

LEADED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS

Church Pews and Furniture

THE GEORGE W. WISE COMPANY
289-291 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Reports, Year Books, Programs

And all Printing worth Doing Well

WALLACE SPOONER

81-89 Bristol St., Boston, Mass.

Burdett College

18 Boylston St., Boston

A Modern School of Commerce

Courses: Business, Accountancy, Shorthand, Combined, Secretarial, Normal, Business Administration.

Founded 1889 Send for Catalog

The Image of God

By

Edwin C. Sweetser, D. D.

Twenty-five sermons embodying the ripest thought and deepest experience of Dr. Sweetser's fifty years' ministry. A vital message for every thoughtful Universalist.

Price, $1.50

For sale by

The Universalist Publishing House

176 Newbury St., Boston

Offering Envelopes for Easter

A white envelope printed in green and purple. Size, 2 1-2 x 4 inches.

Price, 40 cents per hundred

Universalist Publishing House

176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

Educational

Lombard College

GALESBURG, ILL.

The only Universalist College west of New York State

Lombard offers Academic, Scientific and Music courses leading to Bachelor degrees.

We invite correspondence with men and women contemplating a college course.

JOSEPH MAYO TILDEN, LL. D., *President.*

Ryder Divinity School of Lombard College

Affiliated with University of Chicago, offers exceptional advantages for theological training, with laboratory practise.

Write, Ryder House (Universalist Dormitory)
1365 E. 60th St., Chicago, Ill.

The St. Lawrence University

Canton, N. Y.

Dr. Richard Eddy Sykes, President

COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

Course leading to the Degrees of B. A. and B. D.
Edwin Lee Hulett, M. A., Dean

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

Courses leading to the Degree of B. D.
Dr. John Murray Atwood, Dean.

BROOKLYN LAW SCHOOL

Courses leading to the Degree of LL. D.
Dr. Wm. Payson Richardson, Dean

SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE

Granting Certificates of Graduation
Roland Hale Verbeck, B. S., Director

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATES

No. 1

Neatly printed in purple ink on best wedding stock; folds in envelope to match. Price 60 cents per dozen.

No. 2

Booklet form. Contains the Winchester Profession, Articles of Faith and the Covenant as recommended by the General Convention. In envelope. Price 15 cents per copy.

Universalist Publishing House

176 Newbury Street, Boston

Tufts College

JOHN A. COUSENS, LL. D.
President

THE SCHOOL OF LIBERAL ARTS
JACKSON COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
THE ENGINEERING SCHOOL
THE GRADUATE SCHOOL
THE CRANE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
AND, IN BOSTON
THE MEDICAL AND DENTAL SCHOOLS

For catalogue, address the Dean of the respective department, or
The Registrar, Tufts College, Mass.
P. O. Address for the Medical and Dental Schools
36 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Dean Academy

FRANKLIN, MASS.

Dean Academy is an endowed boarding school for young men and young women, offering exceptional advantages for education in every department of broad culture. Its buildings are commodious and thoroughly equipped for school work and for home-like living. Its courses fit for any college or scientific school, and it has courses, also, fitting for practical life. A large corps of instructors, able and experienced. Courses in Music, Art, and Speaking under special instructors. The atmosphere of the school is homelike and helpful, and the spirit of the students is enthusiastic and loyal. A commodious gymnasium with competent instruction provides for the physical well-being. The school has a new Science building with well-equipped laboratories, a domestic science department for girls, admirably equipped, with an able instructor. Delightfully located in a clean and beautiful New England town. The income from a large fund is expended for the benefit of the pupils and makes the terms very reasonable. For catalogue address the Principal,

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt. D.,
Franklin, Mass.

Goddard Seminary

Barre, Vermont

An excellent co-educational boarding school delightfully situated in one of the best communities in the state.

Modern and adequate equipment.

A traditionally strong school spirit.

Carefully selected corps of capable teachers.

Thorough courses preparing for college.

Instruction in Elocution, Piano, Voice, Business and Languages by specialists.

Buildings in attractive condition. Visitors welcome.

Write for catalogue to

RUSSELL L. DAVIDSON, A. B., *Principal.*

Pacific School of Religious Library
Jul 23 '24

Crackling

Doctor: "Young man, you owe your very remarkable recovery to your wife's tender care."

The Patient: "It's kind of you to tell me, Doc. I shall make out the check to my wife."—*Life.*

* *

She: "Do you always think of me?"

He: "Well, not exactly always, but whenever I think of anything I think of you."—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

* *

The best argument for the styles of the present day is the family album.—*Dry Goods Economist.*

* *

Wanted—room for elderly lady with garden attached, where she can plant and potter in flowers.—*Classified ad in the Montgomery Advertiser.*

* *

"You have only two or three buildings in this new town of yours."

"I know," responded the enthusiastic realtor, "but look at the parking space!"—*Missouri Wesleyan Criterion.*

* *

Boarder: "I don't like the way you conduct your establishment. Ain't you never had a gentleman stayin' here before?"

Landlady: "Are you a gentleman?"

"I sure am."

"Then I never have."—*American Legion Weekly.*

* *

Doctor: "My dear sir, nothing but an operation will save your life."

Patient: "What will it cost?"

"About five hundred dollars."

"But I have only a hundred dollars."

"In that case, let's try what pills will do."—*Exchange.*

* *

"Is Mr. Perkins at home?" inquired the caller.

"Which one, sir?—there are brothers living here," said the maid.

For a moment the caller looked puzzled, then he had an idea.

"The one who has a sister living in St. Louis," he explained.—*Watchman-Examiner.*

* *

A city man called upon another, and after a glance around the establishment inquired, "How's your new office boy getting alone?"

"Fine!" was the reply. "He's got things so mixed up that I couldn't get along without him!"—*London Telegraph.*

* *

Smith: "I hear you had MacPherson, your Scotch friend, staying with you for the week-end. What did you do with him on Saturday evening? Take him to a funny show?"

Brown: "No, I didn't dare to take the risk. You see, he might have laughed in church on Sunday morning."—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

THE IMAGE *of* GOD

By EDWIN C. SWEETSER, D. D.

Pastor Emeritus Church of the Messiah, Philadelphia

Fleming H. Revell Company

"I wish there was a law that everybody who makes sermons and everybody who preaches sermons, and everybody who listens to sermons, and everybody who never listens to sermons, had to read Dr. Edwin C. Sweetser's book of sermons entitled 'The Image of God,' named after the first sermon in the book. What the great Apostle, in a moment of cheerful discouragement, called 'the foolishness of preaching' which yet saves the world, has never had any finer expression than Edwin C. Sweetser, D. D., gives it in this great book of sermons."—*Lewis B. Fisher, D. D., Dean of Ryder Divinity School, Chicago.*

"Twenty-five sermons dealing with the great questions of religion, and marked by high intellectual and spiritual qualities."—*The Expositor.*

"Here are great subjects treated in an able fashion, and dealing with the matters that are fundamental to faith, conduct, service, life."—*Record of Christian Work.*

"Dr. Sweetser's sermons are examples of high thinking and clear exposition, expressed in forceful wording. The book is well worth a careful reading, its style is simple and direct and its subject matter well chosen."—*Presbyterian Banner.*

"This basket of sermonic fruit, picked from ripened boughs, will be found fine for immediate use, or can be used for cooking purposes, as their content is valuable for any proper use. The twenty-five sermons cover the all-important themes of the Christian faith, and are well worth reading and studying."—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Price $1.50

For sale by

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

WHEN YOU ENLIST

By

MARGARET SLATTERY

This recent book from Miss Slattery's pen is intended primarily for young people from twelve to twenty-five, especially those who are looking forward to church membership. It is a brief but thrilling survey of church history—entirely non-sectarian. Most young people have only the vaguest knowledge of the history of the organization whose vows they take upon themselves. Miss Slattery gives the needed historical background and drives home its challenge to the young folks of to-day.

Unusually attractive edition. Brown Castilian Cover.

Price 75 cents, postpaid

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

176 Newbury Street **BOSTON**

6010 Dorchester Avenue **CHICAGO**